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TO OUR READERS.

AT the term of an issue of more than one thousand four hundred Nos. of a periodical publication, with no changes to announce, few words appear to be called for in the customary way of annual address; and we are, besides, fond of as few words as possible upon every occasion. Opinions without dilution, and facts without dilution, have always been the aim of the *Literary Gazette*; and, without disparaging the penny-a-line system of amplification, we have continued to shape our course on the principle that it was better to communicate intelligence clearly and pithily, in small space, than to spread it over columns or pages of iteration and verbiage, only tending to cloudiness of view and obscurity of meaning. Having, therefore, again enounced this our Rule, we trust we may appeal to the volume of the *Literary Gazette* for 1843 in proof of the increased exertions that were promised, and have been made, to render it as complete a fair and sound epitome (supposing all records lost) of the literature, science, fine arts, amusements, novelties, and general and historical features of the time, as can be obtained from every source of information throughout the globe, and condensed by able men in various branches of useful and intellectual pursuit within the compass of such a medium.

With the good wishes of the season to friends and readers of the past, and compliments to those whom he expects to swell his New-Year's list, the Editor has only to add his thanks to valued correspondents, who have cheered and aided his labours to the 30th of December and No. 1406.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Journals kept by Mr. Gully and Captain Denham during a Captivity in China in the year 1842.
Edited by a Barrister. 8vo, pp. 198. London, Chapman and Hall.

WE would rather not have read on this title-page "edited by a Barrister;" for what could a Barrister have to do with so simple and straightforward a narrative as this? It could want no dressing up, no refining nor polishing, no altering, nor other office understood by editing: and we wish we had not had ground for a surmise that any liberty had been taken with the honest seamen's production. We believe it has been very little meddled with, and that the note and introduction may be all that has been contributed; but it is a great mistake in publishing to fancy that putting sounding titles in front is any recommendation to the public, and especially that, in a case like this, there should be the slightest supposition of alteration.

Having disposed of this preliminary, we may observe that a story more affecting than this has seldom been told. Poor Mr. Gully's miserable imprisonment, ending in his murder by decapitation, and Captain Denham having a miraculous escape; we are now informed of the late and ineffectual reparation:—

"The Indian mail which has just arrived has brought the report of the Chinese authorities on the inquiry they were ordered to make respecting the murder of the crews of the *Nerbudda* and *Ann*. This inquiry was undertaken on the demand of Sir H. Pottinger. The report is ridiculously defective in every respect but one; namely, in that which declares the authorities at Formosa to have obtained from the emperor rewards and honours by fraudulently

and falsely representing the mode of the capture of the two unfortunate crews. The parties thus guilty are doomed to punishment. On this point it is plain enough, and so far it fully confirms the statements made in the journals of Mr. Gully and Captain Denham. Those journals will furnish, if the Chinese think fit to use them, the means of obtaining fuller information on other points. And it is even yet to be hoped, that they who caused the murder of so many of the captives, will be at least equally punished with those who won honours and rewards by false representations."

Respecting the diary of Mr. Robert Gully, we are informed that this fine, gallant, and excellent young man, had been "engaged in commercial pursuits, but quitted them for a time to join the British expedition. He was on board the *Nemesis*, and honourably distinguished himself at the taking of Ningpo, and in the other actions in which that vessel was engaged. His amiable manners, as well as his undaunted courage, won him the esteem and friendship of the officers of the expedition, whose dangers and whose glories he shared, and by all of whom the necessity for his return to the occupations which first brought him to China was sincerely regretted. In order to return to Macao he put himself on board the *Ann*, a merchant vessel, which was afterwards wrecked on the island of Formosa, where the events related in this diary occurred, and where his life was at length cruelly taken by his barbarous captors. A gallant fellow-captive (Capt. Denham, commander of the *Ann*), who happily escaped the same cruel end, but who underwent similar sufferings, and was in one instance very savagely treated, also kept a diary, and his labours will be employed to render the narrative unbroken, and to continue it after the death of his companion."

Hoping that those days are at an end, and a new order of things begun in Chinese relations, we cannot but refer to the lapse of generations during which the God Trade has been worshipped at every sacrifice. If Dutchmen trampled on the Cross, what better has been done by Englishmen? Shew them profit, and what would they not endure, to what indignity would they not submit? what individual respect or national principle would they not surrender? No wonder that the cruel and crafty Chinese, seeking safety in avoiding intercourse, should have heaped wrong on wrong, and insult on insult. They were borne—for the barbarians must have tea; and great ambassadors had to resort to but tortuous ways and subterfuges to avoid direct and most degrading humiliations, till these bloated ruffians fancied they might imprison, torture, and murder as they pleased. Now, indeed, our time seems to have come, when we can demand satisfaction for, resent, or punish injuries, similar to those we have endured so long with smothered complaining; and when we can command the authorities of China to abandon their abominable international conduct, and conform to the laws of civilised countries. But even in arguing this point, the very language used is self-condemnatory:—

"The *Nerbudda*, a merchant vessel, had

been wrecked on the coast of the island of Formosa. The vessel was plundered, the crew seized and imprisoned: what were the privations and the tortures which the men of that vessel underwent, the public have not yet been informed. The narratives of Mr. Gully and Captain Denham will shew what were those inflicted on other shipwrecked men. The *Ann*, on its voyage from Chusan to Macao, was lost on the night of the 10th of March, 1842, upon the same island of Formosa. The manner of the capture was such as would have disgraced wreckers pursuing their unholy as well as unlawful and punishable trade; yet it was effected, not by a mere set of lawless vagabonds, but by the Chinese civil and military authorities. The vessel was plundered and broken up; and the unhappy men, stripped perfectly naked, were forced upon a long and toilsome and painful march. Some of them died under the infliction." The mere comparison, "would have disgraced wreckers," ought to teach us to be tolerant in our judgments of the customs or crimes of other nations. Many a fellow-citizen and fellow-Christian, whom the tempest has spared, have perished on our own coasts under murderous hands, more ruthless and more unpardonable than China could vomit forth. In the one case, there might be mistaken views and erroneous fears; in the other, there could be no mistake in the plunder of the weak, and assassination of the helpless. Our unfortunate mariners seized a junk, in the hope that they might get away in her from this inhospitable shore; but the elements were against them, and they were overpowered and made captives. "The conduct of the Chinese towards the crew of the *Ann* ended as it had begun. The English were represented as captives to the valour of the Chinese sailors and troops; honours were by this falsehood obtained from the emperor; and then, whether by his orders, or because it so pleased the capricious barbarity of the mandarins of the place, all those who were not official persons in the ship, which of course included Mr. Gully, were privately murdered." In the first instance they were contumeliously and savagely treated, and marched up the country to the capital; of which the following are parts of Mr. Gully's record:

"We were stripped of nearly every rag, some of us to the skin. They left me nothing but two pairs of old drawers. I never felt the cold so severe in my life, and endeavoured to get down the small hatch into the cabin; but on putting my legs down, they were immediately so belaboured that I was glad to haul them up. The Chinese shroffs, &c., were not stripped. When the wretches had done their work effectually, one of them waved a handkerchief which was answered from the beach. The mandarin in the chair came over, made a shew of dispersing the mob, and we were then all taken out of the junk except one China-boy, who was never heard of afterwards. Each was put under the charge of two or three soldiers, and we commenced the most miserable and painful marches, with no covering, and a piercing northerly wind with rain and sleet, no shoes, and most of the way over the beach composed entirely of shingle, covered with old

cockle and mussel-shells, which cut the feet at every step, and often I was compelled to go on my hands and knees to ease the pain of my feet. Our march was in a southerly direction: we passed the brig, and beheld a most annoying scene of plunder; for a great distance round the spot parties in soldiers' clothes were coming and going with sheets of copper, some with boxes of dollars, chests of drawers, boxes, clothes, &c. Some of our people slipped away from their guards, and went away on board, hoping to find some articles of clothing; but they were all disappointed.—“We were then taken into the mandarin's premises, and divided into two parties, the soldiers having previously told us we were going to be beheaded, which I should have believed if they had not overdone the thing by beginning to sharpen their swords on the stones. We were put into two cells about 8 feet by 7 each, in each of which were stowed twenty-five of us, and three jailers or guards. The weather extremely cold, nothing to lay our heads on, and nothing but a sprinkling of straw to keep us from the damp bricks.”—“We also passed several small towns not walled, or if so, the walls were only of mud, but all had gates, one a brick one, the others bamboo. We suffered all sorts of abuse and indignities in passing through these, as well as all the others throughout the whole journey; but the women did not join in this, although they shewed the usual curiosity of the sex.”

About the women we have some trite commonplace in the introduction, to which (from their absolute want of power either for good or evil) they seem to have earned no title; yet it is said in the usual fashion:

“For the details of these cruelties we refer to the narratives themselves, only observing with pleasure, and it is the solitary instance of pleasure that the circumstances afford the reader, that the female sex, even in that barbarous country, and in spite of every thing that might have led any one to anticipate a different behaviour, asserted its wonted sympathy with the unfortunate.” Captain Denham, however, says, “In passing through these places we were abused and called all manner of names; our hair occasionally pulled by way of amusement; they also threw all sorts of filth at us, and the children, and often full-grown men, spit at us as we were carried along: the women were better behaved, and a few looked on us with much apparent sympathy. They are, I think, the ugliest race of females I ever saw in China, owing perhaps to the constant chewing of the beetle-nut and chuman, which makes their teeth as black as ink, and when they open their mouths it is like a round black hole, neither teeth nor tongue being discernible, all being alike quite black; which contrasts strongly with the face, which in almost all classes, even the lowest, is painted or rather powdered white. They have almost all the small feet, but all appear to take great pains in dressing the hair; even women labouring in the fields have their heads dressed either with natural or artificial flowers, and all have ear-rings, even children in arms have this apparently indispensable ornament. At one of our halting-places a fellow swore I was a woman, and insulted me. I gave him a blow that astonished him a little, and proved pretty plainly that I was not, at all events, one of the gentle sex. Being handcuffed he got the weight of both hands, and the benefit of the irons, which cut his lips very much. The bystanders appeared to enjoy this; for they all pointed at him as he got on his legs, and burst into shouts of laughter. The fellow went away swearing

heartily: no doubt he would have retaliated, but the soldiers prevented him.”

But we pass on to other events:—“The interpreter between Captain Denham and the mandarins was a Chinaman, by name Ayum, who had been some time at Singapore, and picked up a little smattering of Hindostanee and English. He turned out to be a great scoundrel afterwards, and gave his own answers where his knowledge of the language would not permit him to ask the questions put by the mandarins, or where he did not like the answers.”

How likely to pervert the views of these Chinese, trembling at every rumour from Amoy, Canton, and Hong-Kong!

At length they arrived at Ty-wan-foo, the capital, and were incarcerated in separate divisions. Mr. Gully says:—“Our jailer I believe to be the most wicked brute that ever was created. We were in a den so small that not one of us could stretch our legs at night, being coiled up like dogs. During the time I had the piles, I did not sleep for nights together. Ten of us, viz. the five sea-cunnies, two Manilla men, the gunner, Mr. Partridge, and myself, with a bucket, in a wretched hovel only eleven feet six inches by seven feet six, and for two months and more we were confined in it, and never allowed out but once a day to wash, and at first this was not allowed, and when it was, for upwards of a month, only one or two could wash every morning, unless they washed in the water used by the others, the villain of a jailer being too lazy to furnish more than a few pints every morning. We soon found that nothing was to be gained by submission; so I took the opportunity one day of telling the rascal to go out of the place; he had come in to skylark with the sea-cunnies. He gave me a shove, and I sent him flying into the bucket. There was a great noise made about it, but nothing done. This now frightened some of my fellow-prisoners; but I followed it up by throwing the lamp at the second jailer's head a few weeks afterwards, and when I came back from Captain Denham's cabin in the beginning of June, greater liberty was allowed us. On our first arrival we found we were all more or less infested with vermin, and being so crowded, notwithstanding all our efforts we did not get rid of them, until Mr. Partridge, the gunner, and myself, were moved into a separate place, and then the rest were too lazy, or at any rate they did not get rid of them. I arrived on this island in better health than I ever remember enjoying out of England, and a few weeks brought me down to a useless, wretched being, disgusted with myself. The captain's party was better off altogether, from being with or under a higher mandarin and having a more decent jailer. I have, perhaps, suffered more than any one, because I think I can safely say I have not had five days without sickness since my arrival.”

And here is another pitiable entry:—“Told by Jack that we are to be sent away in 120 days; but he did not know where. No signs of dividing us. Very wretched; one miserable day following another. No books; in fact, no amusement at all to relieve the dreadful monotony of the prison; and, worse than all, no exercise.”

Poor souls! But for the sense that they were guiltless of offence, a clear conscience, and a hope that their countrymen would receive news of their misfortune, and hasten to deliver them, they were nearly as miserable as the inmates of the Model-prison* of Penton-

* Since we wrote this, a striking letter has appeared

ville. Their torments were severe, but they were not enclosed in a living tomb; where they might suffer the agonies of death without an ear to hear, or a voice to strengthen them in their last awful struggle. Wretched they were, but there were sympathetic sharers in their distress: they were not the victims of a novel administration of justice, to which the tortures of ancient engines, and the *peine dure et forte*, were acts of humanity. But to our diary:—

“Mr. Partridge and the gunner were sent for, to go to some mandarins. Malwa came with Gee Sam y at, and gave me a piece of opium, which I swallowed to stop my complaint, and in a quarter of an hour it began to make me feel quite happy, in an hour quite sick, and laid me on my back the whole day.”—“For two months we had nothing, and were annoyed by myriads of fleas, bugs, lice, ants, musquitoes, and centipedes, without a possibility of getting rid of them, except by death or a miracle. I have on my back now the only shirt (and a woollen one too) I have had for nearly five months, and half a pair of cotton drawers are on my legs.”

Alas, his sickness and sufferings approached their close. He seems to “have obtained one single leaf, and a new journal appears to have been begun on the very day on which he was murdered. He was perhaps interrupted in the act of beginning it and led away to death, for he has only written these words, ‘1843, Aug. 10: Attempted to boil water without fire, but curiously enough failed!’ He had made a calendar on a small piece of paper, having written in the figures from the 13th of May to November the 10th inclusive. Each day appears to have been blotted out as it passed away, and in this calendar the ninth of August is the last day so blotted. The 10th is wholly unmarked.”

We cannot peruse these accounts without having our minds forcibly recalled to the circumstances of Col. Stoddard and Mr. Conolly. The manners, customs, and feelings of Bukhara are but oriental modifications of those of the Chinese empire. Captain Denham's journal will supply us with a separate review.

St. Patrick's Purgatory; an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the Middle Ages. By T. Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A. Pp. 192. London, J. R. Smith.

This is truly a curious chapter in our mediæval literature, into which the author has given, and is daily giving, such instructive evidence of having plunged deeply and explored carefully, as if in a diving-bell. What Father O'Leary said of purgatory itself, we may say of this volume—“you may go farther and fare worse!” But it must be observed that this is not a mere account of St. Patrick's purgatory, but a complete history of the legends and superstitions relating to the subject, from the earliest times,

in the *Times* on the subject, pointing out the proving too much in the report of the inquest circulated through the press. In our view of the matter, we impute blame to no individual whomsoever; but we cannot find language of abhorrence enough to denounce the system as the model of demonic cruelty and inhumanity. We protest before heaven that we deem the thumb-screws, bootkins, and little-eases of barbarous times to have been merciful in comparison, abominable as these means were to attain what were thought just ends; and that the pressure of an accused person, who would not plead, to death by a heavy stone on his breast, was absolute charity when contrasted with the immuring him in a stone coffin for months and years—a dead-living soul. Let any theorist for this kind of punishment be shut up in silence and solitude for a month, a week, or a day, and learn to what horrors of vice and insanity it surely leads.

rescued from old MSS. as well as from old printed books. Moreover, it embraces a singular chapter of literary history, omitted by Warton and all former writers with whom we are acquainted; and we think we may add, that it forms the best introduction to Dante that has yet been published. These may justly be deemed interesting collateral circumstances; and they are not the less so, from being, as it were, part and portion of a more full and exact history of St. Patrick's purgatory than has ever appeared either in or out of Ireland.

But now to make some of this light shine before our readers (leaving our author's polemics all on one side), we may note that early purgatorial as well as paradisaical descriptions were very popular in the form of visions, and not remotely linked to pagan legends. In the beginning they were very simple in their details, though they naturally came to be wonderfully embellished by warm and heated imaginations in the progress of time.

Furseus, an Irishman, son of a king of Munster, mentioned by Bede, was the first visionary whose dream has descended to us, and was a great favourite with our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, about the middle of the 7th century. "The circumstance (says Mr. W.) of so many of the earlier visions of purgatory having been seen by Irish monks or by English monks who had resided in Ireland, makes it interesting to trace the intercourse between the two people. From the very old metrical romance of 'King Horne' it would seem that the nations of the north of Ireland were friendly towards the English of the opposite coast: they kindly received the hero when a fugitive, and the 'Yrishemenn' readily assisted him against the 'Saracens' or pagan Danes who had invaded his own country. The romance of 'Tristrem,' on the other hand, seems to manifest a well-known feeling of enmity between the Cornish and the Irish of the south. This difference of feeling may perhaps be caused by the different ages of the two poems, 'King Horne' being without doubt of a much earlier formation than the other. But we trace something of the same kind in the historians and chroniclers, from whom it appears that the shores of the Severn were frequently infested by predatory parties of Irishmen. The ecclesiastical history seems to shew a more friendly intercourse in the north. We might judge, from Bede's history, that Ireland owed very much of its Christianity to its Saxon neighbours. The history of the saints Colman and Cedda and Ceadda, and also of Egbert, belong almost as much to Irish as to English story. In 667 the first of these returned from England into Ireland, taking with him thirty Angles, and built a monastery in a small island on the west coast, called Inisbofinde, or the Island of the White Galf, and placed in the monastery both Irish and English monks. But the Irish then, as now, were improvident people: during the summer months they left the monastery to live on the fruitful parts of the neighbouring coast, where they wandered about eating all they gathered, and then, when summer was ended, returned to share with the English the stores which the latter had been industriously laying up for themselves against winter. Discord soon appeared amongst them, and Colman left the monastery on the small island to the Irish monks, and took the English with him into Ireland, where they built a new monastery in a place then called Mageo, now Mayo. Here, at a later period, in the time of Adamnan, we are told that there were 'a hundred Saxon saints.' Adamnan himself was residing at the monastery of Coludesbyrig, now

Coldingham, near Berwick, a short time before it was burnt, in 679. In 664 a violent epidemic raged over England, which also reached Ireland, where it proved very destructive. At that time it is incidentally noticed that there were in Ireland 'very many Angles,' as well of noble as of mean birth, some of whom went thither for religious instruction, and others that they might live there a quiet and a continent life. Some of them settled in a monastery and bound themselves to observe its rules, while others wandered from one to another, learning a little here and a little there, as they found instructors who pleased them. The Irish every where received them with hospitality, not only giving them to eat and drink, but lending them books to read and teaching them gratuitously. In 684 Egfrith, king of the Northumbrians, sent an army into Ireland, under the command of his ealdorman Briht (or Berht), which committed dreadful ravages, sparing neither churches nor monasteries, among 'a harmless people who,' Bede tells us, 'had always been most friendly to the English.' The historian exults over the punishment with which God visited the Northumbrian king, when the year following he was killed in a battle with the Picts, whose territory he had invaded, against the urgent remonstrances of St. Cuthbert, who had just been made bishop of Lindisfarne. Cuthbert himself, if we believe his legend, was an Irishman, and of royal blood.—"Ireland once looked upon the English church as the mother and protector of her own. In 1073, the fourth year after Lanfranc was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury, Patrick came to London to be ordained bishop of Dublin, and took back with him from the archbishop letters to the kings of Ireland, whose contents were 'very worthy' to be held in memory.' A few years after this Lanfranc sent to the Irish bishop Donald 'letters filled with the fatness of holy doctrine,' and about 1085 he consecrated to the bishopric of Dublin the monk Donatus, at the desire of the king, the clergy, and the people of Ireland, who also carried back with him letters of exhortation. At the date 1121 the monk who wrote the continuation of the 'Chronicle of Florence of Worcester,' says: 'This year a certain Irishman named Gregory, elected by the king, the clergy, and the people of Ireland to the bishopric of Dublin, came, according to custom of ancient standing, to be ordained by the archbishop of Canterbury, the primate of England.' By the precept of the archbishop, Roger bishop of Salisbury, at his castle of Devizes, raised him to the grade of deacon and presbyter in the August of that year, and he was consecrated bishop shortly after by Ralf archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth. Before his return to Ireland he assisted at the consecration of the church of Tewkesbury."

We are much struck with this notice of so much early intercourse between England and Ireland: some of the particulars mentioned would almost make us exclaim, "there is nothing new under the sun."

Drithelm's vision is the next in order to Furseus, these being the only two mentioned by writers older than the conquest; though there is a story of Charles the fat, emperor of France, having visited purgatory, and related what he saw there in the 9th century. But we will drop at once to the 12th century, and to the most graphic and amusing of these visions, that of the child William of Tundale. Of this period Mr. W. remarks:—

"We first begin to hear again of visions of purgatory towards the middle of the twelfth

century, when the story of the cave of St. Patrick was published. It is a curious circumstance, and one which I know not how to explain, that this century is the one in which our historians and chroniclers seem to have taken a pleasure in collecting and recording the fairy legends of the peasantry, with which the works of William of Newbury, of Gervase of Tilbury, and of Giraldus Cambrensis abound. The same period is also famous for purgatory-visions, of which we have three in the single history of Matthew Paris. Perhaps the legend of Owain, who entered Patrick's purgatory, which is one of the earliest of them, had made the subject popular. It has been already observed that the earlier legends of this kind were distinguished by simplicity of detail: the contrary characteristic is remarkable in those of the twelfth century, which are full of wild flights of imagination. Still we find that generally, as far as we can trace them with certainty, the sources of the adventitious incidents were Grecian and Roman. In a vision which I have only found in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincent of Beauvais, who places it somewhere between 1143 and 1147, we have an incident borrowed from the story of Medea. A boy of fifteen, named William, was taken to purgatory, where, amongst other punishments similar to those so often repeated in most of the legends, he saw grown-up people placed in cauldrons and boiled till they became, in size and shape, to all appearance, newly-born babes. After being taken out with burning flesh-hooks, they recovered quickly their former aged appearance, and were again boiled; and this same process was continually repeated. After having passed through purgatory, William saw what Vincent calls 'Tartarus,' which seemed to be as much deeper than purgatory as the distance from London to Dover. In paradise he saw the child William, who had been lately crucified by the Jews at Norwich. This shews the story to have been of English origin.—The legend of Tundale is important to us, both because he was an Irishman and his vision preceded that of Owain, and because he was compelled, like the visitors of Patrick's purgatory, to undergo punishments during his visit, which were to relieve him from their infliction after death. It is fixed to the date 1149; and from the numerous copies which remain, in Latin, French, and English—the latter metrical—it must have been extremely popular. Tundale was born at Cashel, and was by birth a nobleman. He was handsome and brave, but very proud, cruel, and wicked; and, instead of giving money to the church, he lavished it all in vainglory to jesters and 'jogelours.' One of his friends owed him three horses, for which, it appears, his only bond was his word as a knight. Tundale, at the appointed time, called on his friend for payment, who, after some introductory conversation, told him that he was not then able to pay his debt, and begged to be allowed a longer time. Tundale would have left the house in a rage, but his friend tried to pacify him, and at last prevailed on him to stay and dine with his family. While at table Tundale was struck by an invisible hand, and, after having earnestly commended his axe to the care of his friend's wife, fell down to all appearance dead, and remained so from Wednesday till Saturday, when he revived and told his story. When his soul first left the body it was assailed by innumerable demons, but he was rescued by a bright angel, which was his guardian angel that had always attended him from his childhood. After proceeding a long way with no light but the angel who led him,

he came to a deep, dark valley, the bottom full of burning coals, on which was a great iron boiler, and in it the souls of parricides, fratricides, and homicides were melted, and afterwards, which was still more grievous, strained as molten wax is strained through a cloth, after which they were again ready to undergo the same operation. Next he arrived at a great and horrible hill, where devils with hot iron hooks were tossing the souls of deceitful and treacherous people alternately into fire and ice. Then they came to a narrow bridge over a dreadfully deep, dark, and stinking valley, and he saw all who attempted to pass the bridge fall from it, except a holy palmer: this was the punishment of the proud. After passing the bridge, they went along a dark, crooked, and difficult path, till they came to a terrible beast, larger than any mountain, which with its mouth might swallow nine thousand armed men at once, and before it were multitudes of devils with their hooks and forks pushing the souls into his mouth. This beast, his conductor told him, was called Acheron, and he devoured all avaricious and greedy people; and he was himself for a time delivered up to the malice of the tormentors, till rescued by the angel, who led him to where there was a great stormy lake, full of moans, and a long narrow bridge over it, planted all over with long sharp spikes, which, as they passed through the feet of those who attempted to pass, Thieves were obliged to carry over the bridge whatever they had stolen, and the monsters in the water continued roaring at them all the way, and devoured them if they fell over. It fell to Tundale's lot to take over the bridge a calf which it appeared he had stolen. The calf, however, was unwilling to go; and as Tundale pulled, the calf fell down, and when it rose he fell, and he was grievously mangled with the spikes; and when he arrived at the middle of the bridge he met another soul, who was carrying over in the opposite direction a great bundle of stolen articles upon his shoulders, and neither would make way for the other, and there was no room to pass, so that they stood still, the spikes running through their feet, and the beasts roaring terribly at them, till the angel came and delivered Tundale. Then they came to a fiery furnace, where, amid the flames, devils with terrible instruments were tearing people to pieces; and here Tundale also was tormented. Next appeared a fearful winged beast with a long neck and iron beak, who was seated on a frozen lake, and this beast ate up souls, which were digested in his stomach and reduced to nothing, and then they were ejected in the natural way into the lake, and became souls again; and during this process worms and serpents and other such vermin bred within them, and tore their way out, and so miserably tormented them. These were the souls of monks and canons and nuns and other ecclesiastics, who had given themselves up to luxury and had not led holy lives. They next came to the 'vale of smiths' (*in valem fabrorum*), where they saw smithies, whence issued terrible imprecations. Then the angel said, 'This tormentor is called Vulcan, by whose contrivance many are ruined, and are afterwards tormented by him.' When they came here the smiths took him with their tongs, and put him in the fire, and blew with the bellows till he was melted nearly to a fluid; then they took him out and placed him on the anvil, and beat him with hammers, and made out many souls into one mass, like as our smiths make one piece of iron out of many small fragments. And then it was passed on to other forges, where other smiths went to work upon it. This was

the end of purgatory. Tundale found the pit of hell just as it had been described by Drithelm, but he saw more of it. The evil spirits were black as coals; their eyes like burning lamps, their teeth whiter than snow; they had the tails of scorpions, sharp iron claws, and vultures' wings. The prince of hell was a black gigantic monster, about a hundred cubits high, and ten cubits broad, with more than a thousand hands; his claws were of iron, and were longer and thicker than the lances of knights, and his beak and tail were equally terrible. He was bound down on a kind of large gridiron, and an innumerable multitude of fiends were at work with their bellows blowing the fires that were under him. In his agony he stretched out his hands, and took handfuls of souls, and crushed them in his fingers like a man crushes grapes when he would squeeze out their juice. And he remained thus, ever tormented and tormenting. 'This,' said the angel, 'is Lucifer, who was expelled out of paradise for his pride. He is called prince of the shades, not because he has power there, but because his punishment is the prime punishment of all—the others being but as nothing in comparison with it.' Tundale afterwards passed a great wall, and came to a place where were the souls of those that were neither very good nor very bad. Here were multitudes of people who were destined to pass in time to a better place, but they were at present very uncomfortable; the climate was always rainy and windy, and they were sorely grieved with hunger and thirst. After this he came to a large and fair field, very light and pleasant, and full of sweet-smelling flowers. The sun never set, and there was a fountain of living water, out of which if a person once drank he would never thirst again. These people were better than the former, or had already expiated their sins. Tundale saw many people whom he had known, and particularly the kings Concober and Donatus, who had been cruel and unjust, but who had spent their latter days in penitence. And a little further on he saw his own king, Cormack, enthroned in a palace of gold and gems, in great splendour and honour, but compelled once every day to undergo punishment for the grievous sin of 'spouse-breach.' Hence Tundale and his guide proceeded till they came to another great wall without any gate; but he was suddenly, without knowing by what means, at the other side, where was the glory of the saints, and there was dancing and music and fine living; but he was not permitted to stay there long. The allusion to the classic Acheron in the foregoing legend, the transformation of the lake of the Grecian fable into a beast, and the no less remarkable perversion of the story of Vulcan and his Cyclops will not fail to strike the reader. The description of Satan, or, as he is here called, Lucifer, is also curious. In the old popular creed devils were not the tormented but the tormentors; they were a class of beings naturally malignant, who hunted after the souls of sinners, and enticed people to sin, with the sole object of gratifying their own delight in punishing."

This long quotation almost forbids farther extract; but we must pay our respects to this curious volume again.

The Nursery-Rhymes of England. Collected by J. O. Halliwell. Pp. 240. London, J. R. Smith.

What done, "third edition!" Q. What could make a collection of nursery-rhymes more than ever acceptable to the large and small public? A. Illustrations. And here they are: clever

pictures, which the three-year-olds understand before their A, B, C; and which the fifty-year-olds like almost as well as the three-year-olds. How is it that these childish and often nonsensical, jingles delight us throughout life? that even an iron-age looks back with something like worship on the traditionary age of gold; that tottering old remembers, or fancies it remembers, inexpressible pleasures which belonged to the period of tottering infancy? Was it the innocence of the primal world, and is it the innocence of childhood, which has decked the distance, in either case, with rainbow-tints without a rainbow-tear, accorded the gold without the alloy, and enhanced all the enjoyments without a tiny trouble or a care to mar their perfection!

"As infants empty of all thought."

Be the cause what it may, so it is; and yet more, the darker our present or our future, the brighter shines the vista of our past. To a sexagenarian in sorrow nothing can appear so intensely and spotlessly brilliant as the recollection of childhood happiness. The whole clouded horizon is illuminated from one speck of the earliest dawn, and though the sinking is in shade, that bright speck of first-felt innocence and love is reflected even from the darkness of death, and becomes a guiding star for blessed hope to point a renewal of such felicity, never ending, in another and a better world.

Nursery-rhymes preserve and suggest so much of "the morn and liquid dew" of youth, that we cannot wonder at their being refreshing to our tastes throughout the lifelong and often tempestuous day assigned to our existence. Nor are we the worse for the tender melancholy engrafted on the tree of memory. Our fond parents, our kind relatives, our patient teachers, and, alas, how many of our dear companions and playmates, are gone! The idyls of these, and the burning of the old yule log, impress upon the soul; but if sad, it makes us also wise; the dissolving scene shivers from our view, and we learn the purest lessons of humanity and true religion, to love one another, to be charitable to the poor, to be good to dependents, to be just and merciful to all, and to conduct ourselves in our sphere as immortal creatures in a transitory but trial state of being.

For this Christmas homily is Mr. Halliwell answerable; and yet our sequel must breathe a very different tone, if we mean to exhibit any of the features of his collection. The volume is almost new, with its many additions; and its wood-illustrations, which (as our friends may judge for themselves from the samples we give) are very appropriate and entertaining. The contents are divided into no fewer than eighteen classes,—historical, local, literal, games, charms, lullabies, relics, riddles, paradoxes, &c. &c.;—and the historical is worthily introduced by old King Cole and his fiddlers three (see cut). The literal class shews pretty inventions of our grandsires and mas, to teach the young idea how to shoot its alphabet, numeration, and a few later branches of education.

The great antiquity of many of the nursery-rhymes is curious; but perhaps it is still more curious to observe how many hints they have given for poetry of a higher order, and how they have even been pirated to form some accredited original composition. There are also many useful allusions and many moral lessons

* Thus expressed in a north-country song:
"Says 'tuld man the oak tree:
Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou."

inoculated in a brief and sportive manner, but not likely to escape the acute perceptions of infant minds, an intelligence touched by the slightest and most minute springs, which are lost upon the enlarged ripeness of years. Here is an example:—

Three wise men of Gotham.

Went to sea in a bowl!

And if the bowl had been stronger,

My song would have been longer.

Moral:—never venture on too frail grounds. Then what can be better pointed against bad habits or vices than the following ridicule:—

Cry, baby, cry,

Put your finger in your eye,

And tell your mother it wasn't I."

"A diller, a dollar,

A ten-o'clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,

But now you come at noon."

Many a blubbering and sluggishard have been cured by such means. And here is a lesson which need not be lost on braying sportsmen:—

"There was a little one-eyed gunner,

Who kill'd all the birds that died last summer."

The songs are numerous; that "sing a song of sixpence," which is several hundred years old, is represented in the cut, where the concert of blackbirds seem almost worthy of Hullah. Mother Hubbard's dog is another fine personation of a "gent" enjoying himself at his ease. The best of a bad bargain is whimsically illustrated in the annexed:—

"Jack Sprat's pig

He was not very little

Nor yet very big;

He was not very lean,

He was not very fat;

He'll do well for a grunt,

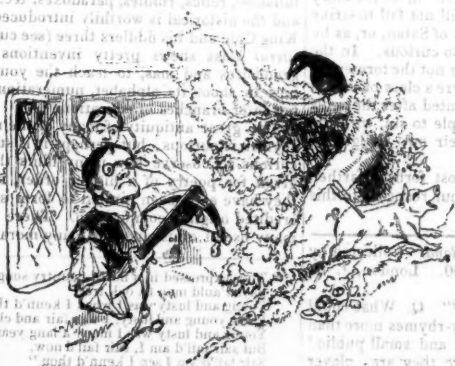
Says little Jack Sprat."

The likenesses of the same famous individual (Jack) and his wife are well imagined.

But we must now come to a closer, which we do by giving a humiliating confession from the class "Relics."

"When I was a little boy, I had but little wit. It is some time ago, and I've no more of it now. Nor even ever shall, until that I die."

For the longer I live, the more fool and I grow. We notice a few rhymes of which further explanation (especially in regard to games and pastimes) would have been acceptable, as illustrating the childish recreations of bygone years, many of them falling into oblivion; and we are inclined to think that industry and research might augment another edition by half as many more. When that comes out, Mr. Halliwell will correct a line in Wally, or as he spells it Woolley Foster, and for "cockle button, cockle ben," read "cockle but and cockle ben."



The Highlands of Ethiopia. By Major W. C. Harris, M. E. I. Company's Engineers, author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," 1880. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. Appointed to head an embassy from India to Shoa, Major Harris left Bombay in April 1841, accompanied by Captains Douglas Graham, Assist.-Surgeons Kirk and Impey, Dr. Roth, naturalist, Lieuts. Horton and Barker, Mr. Bernatz, artist, Mr. R. Scott, surveyor and draughtsman, Mr. Hatchator, British agent at Tajura, two sergeants, and fifteen rank and file, an assistant apothecary, a carpenter, a smith, and two tent-lascars—in all thirty-one.

Of this mission we have from time to time had glimpses whilst in progress (see a number of *Gazettes* of 1841, 2, and 3); but its entire history was due to public curiosity, not only as regarded the novelties attending it, but the prospects which it opens to important intercourse in future years.

We could have wished that the brilliant major had been content with a less ambitious style and ornate narrative; which, in fact, has often caused us to pause, and consider whether we were reading the history of a grave political embassy, or a volume of Arabian tales—of which, by the by, there are several introduced, which may serve to interest the admirers of such striking and highly embellished stories. (See, for instance, that of the *Wooma Maid*, vol. i. p. 278 to 291).

Our business, however, will be with more lasting matters, and we only previously quote three brief examples of the flowery in support of our opinion, that plain language would have been more suitable. They relate, 1st, to negroes carrying coals on board the steamer; 2d, to an alarm; and 3d, to a night-march told of a native raid.

"This gang of brawny Seedies, enfranchised negroes from the coast of Zanzibar, whose pleasure consists in the transhipment of yonder mountain of coal, lying heaped in tons upon the groaning deck. To the dissonant tones of a rude tambourine, thumped with the thigh-bone of a calf, their labour has already commenced. Increasing the vehemence of their savage dance, they heave the ponderous sacks like giants busied at pitch and toss, and, begrimed, from head to foot, roll at intervals upon the blackened planks, to stanch the streaming perspiration. Thus stamping and howling with increased fury, while the harsh notes of the drum peal louder and louder to the deafening vehemence of the frantic musician, they pursue their task, night as well as day, amid clamour and fiendish vociferations, such as might suggest the idea of furies engaged in unearthly orgies."—2. "Scarcely had the moon dipped her first flickering beam into the unruddied surface of the oval lake, and lighted the bluff cliffs for some hours previously shrouded in gloomy obscurity, than a loud warry from the adjacent heights echoed the assembly to arms, and the shrill blast of the Adaeli conch summoned all to the rescue. Abandoning his occupation, each awkward warrior seized spear and buckler, which had been laid aside whilst he aided in the task of reloading the camels, for the approaching night-march, and with respondent yells rushed towards the spot whence the alarm proceeded. The Europeans, springing from their broken slumbers on the parched sands, stood to their arms. A long interval of silence, and suspense succeeded, which was at last relieved by the return of Mohammad Ali, one of whose benches had unfortunately slipped with its burden over a steep precipice, when the water-skins bursting incontinently,

had scattered the filthy but precious contents over the thirsty soil—an irreparable catastrophe, which had occasioned the call for assistance, believed by all to indicate a hostile gathering of the wild Bedouin clans."—3. "Placing himself at the head of his animated retainers, the chief now led the advancing van, and the tramp of the eager savage fell light over the steep mountain and the boundless plain. Deep darkness was esteemed of small account by these children of the desert, who, like the course of the falling thunderbolt, held on their progress in the true direction. Starting as the dense phalanx advanced, the timid gazel scoured in terror over the valley, and the prowling lion yielded the path to men who were now in a mood not less desperate than his own."

The first halt of the embassy was at Cape Aden, which Major Harris predicts must soon become again the queen of the adjacent seas, and one of the most useful dependencies of the British crown; whence they crossed the Arabian Gulf, and landed on the African coast at Tajura. Here began their painful march of 370 miles to the Abyssinian Alps and capital of Shoa, the details of which occupy the first volume. But before they could set out, they were subjected to all the prevarication, lying, imposition, and villany, which so certainly annoy and impede travellers in these barbarous regions. Sultans, sheikhs, ministers, camel-drivers, were all in one league; and the only object was, to screw the most they could out of the Kafirs, and after all not to fulfil their engagements. It is long since the age of innocence, or rather of earliest disobedience, and the fruit of the forbidden tree which brought loss of Eden, not Aden, into the world, has passed away from this "city of the slave-merchant," on whose site, "according to the Arab tradition, Adam pitched his tent when expelled from the garden of Eden, and there died Eve, the partner of his fall, whose grave of green sods is shewn to the present day upon the barren shores of the Red Sea."

At last means of transport were procured, and the Kafilah filed off; but "on the departure of the last load, a general begging commenced on a grand scale, on the part of all who flattered themselves that they had in the most remote manner been so fortunate as to render assistance during the protracted sojourn of the Kafirs. Many, whose claims were far from being apparent, after confessing themselves satisfied in *propris personis*, modestly urged demands on behalf of their still more worthless neighbours; and in order to have any chance of passing in safety to the mountains with so long a line of camels, it was only prudent to propitiate each and all of this predatory host of locusts, before entering upon their lawless country. With a feeling of pleasure akin to that experienced by Gil Blas when he escaped from the robbers' cave, the party at length bade adieu to Tajura. Of all the various classes and denominations of men who inhabit the terrestrial globe, the half-civilised savages peopling this sea-port are perhaps the most thoroughly odious and detestable. They have ingeniously contrived to lose every virtue wherewith the rude tribes to which they pertain may once have been adorned; and having acquired nothing in exchange, save the vices of their more refined neighbours, the scale of abject degradation to which they are now reduced can hardly descend lower. Under this sweeping and very just condemnation, the impotent Sultan, Mohammad ibn Mohammad, stands pre-eminently in relief; and the old miser's rapacity continuing unsated up to the very latest moment, he clutched his long staff betwixt his skinny fin-

gers, and hobbled forth from his den, resolved to squeeze yet another hundred dollars as a parting memento from his British victims." In this, however, he was disappointed; though other rascally attempts, vexations, disappointments, and delays, worried our poor countrymen almost to death, from the beginning of their journey to the end of it, over a land of desert and iron, with a scorching climate, and most imperfect accommodations. The nation or tribe through which they passed are called Dankali; and a notion of their filth may be gathered from their foppery.

"Fops in numbers are to be seen at Tajura, who have called in the aid of moist quick-lime towards the conversion of the naturally jet black peruke to a most atrocious foxy red—when judicious frizzing, and the insertion of the wooden skewer used for scratching, completes the resemblance to a carriage-mop. But this novel process of dyeing, so contrary to that employed by civilised beaux, is only in fashion among the Somali, who, in common with the Danakil dandies, employ, in lieu of a down pillow, a small wooden bolster, shaped like a crutch, which receives the neck, and during the hours of presumed uncomfortable repose, preserves the periwig from derangement."

"The softer sex of Tajura, whilst young, possess a tolerable share of comeliness, and a pleasing expression withal; but they are speedily past the meridian of beauty. A close blue chemise, a plain leathern petticoat, or a cloth reaching to the ankles, and a liberal coat of lard over extravagantly braided ringlets, which are knotted with white beads, form the toilet of maid, wife, and widow. An occasional necklace of coloured beads falling over the sable bosom, a pendant of brass or silver wire of no ordinary dimensions in the ear, and large ivory bracelets or anklets, proclaim the besetting foible of the sex; but ornaments are by no means general. Mohammedan jealousy tends to the seclusion of the better order of females to a certain extent; but a marriage in high life, when the procession passed close to the encampment, afforded an opportunity not always enjoyed, of beholding the beauty and fashion of the place. The matrimonial shackles are here easily loosed; and the greater portion of the population being deeply engaged in the slave-trade with the interior, have their rude houses filled with temporary wives, who are from time to time unceremoniously shipped for the Arabian market, in order that the funds accruing from the sale of their persons may be invested in new purchases."

This sort of trade might do pretty well for some of your heartless *roués* nearer home; and we could only wish them a similar climate in which to carry it on. Here is one of the balts.

"Adyli, a deep mysterious cavern at the further extremity of the plain, is believed by the credulous to be the shaft leading to a subterranean gallery which extends to the head of Goobut el Kharab. Deeni, most expert and systematic of liars, even went so far as to assert that he had seen through it the waters of the bay, although he admitted it to be the abodes of 'gins and effreets,' whose voices are heard throughout the night, and who carry off the unwary traveller to devour him without remorse. The latest instance on record was of one Shehém, who was compelled by the weariness of his camel to fall behind the caravan, and, when sought by his comrades, was no where to be found, notwithstanding that his spear and shield had remained untouched. No tidings of the missing man having been obtained to the present hour, he is believed by his disconsolate friends to have furnished a meal to the gins in Adyli:

but it seems not improbable that some better clue to his fate might be afforded by the Adriatic, an outcast clan of the Débeni, acknowledging no chief, though recognising in some respects the authority of the sultan of Tajúra; and who wander over the country for miles from Sagallo to the Great Salt Lake. Foul-mouthed vampires and ghouls were alone wanting to complete the horrors of this accursed spot, which, from its desolate position, might have been believed the last stage in the habitable world. A close mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake. A frightful glare from the white salt and limestone hillocks threatened destruction to the vision; and a sickening heaviness in the loaded atmosphere was enhanced rather than alleviated by the fiery breath of the parching north-westerly wind, which blew, without any intermission, during the entire day. The air was inflamed, the sky sparkled, and columns of burning sand, which at quick intervals towered high into the dazzling atmosphere, became so illumined as to appear like tall pillars of fire. Crowds of horses, mules, and fetid camels, tormented to madness by the dire persecutions of the poisonous gad-fly, flocked recklessly with an instinctive dread of the climate, to share the only bush; and obstinately disputing with their heels the slender shelter it afforded, compelled several of the party to seek refuge in noisome caves formed along the foot of the range by fallen masses of volcanic rock, which had become heated to a temperature seven times in excess of a potter's kiln, and fairly baked up the marrow in the bones. Verily, it was 'an evil place,' that lake of salt: it was 'no place of seed, nor of figs, nor yet of vines; no, nor even of pomegranates; neither was there any water to drink.'"

Appropos of salt, it is the coin of the country—their Eton-montem currency. "With the proceeds of foreign imported merchandise, human beings kidnapped in the interior countries of Africa are purchased in the adjacent slave-mart of Abd el Russoul. These wretched victims are then taken through the Amhára province of Giddem to the Wollo and Argóba frontiers, some five days' journey to the north, and resold at a profit of 50 per cent—the sums realised being there invested in *amoles*, or blocks of black salt, the size of a mower's whetstone. Obtained between Agámé and the country of the Dankáli, from a salt plain which not only supplies all the Abyssinian markets, but many also far in the interior of Africa, they pass as a currency, and, being bought on the frontier at the rate of 25 for a German crown, are retailed in Alió Amba at a profitable exchange. A large investment of slaves is finally purchased with the wealth thus laboriously amassed, and the merchant returns to his native country to traffic in human flesh at the sea-ports of Zeyla and Berbera, or on the opposite coast of Arabia—anon to revisit Shoa with a fresh invoice of marketable wares. Ever ravaged by war and violence, the unexplored regions of the interior pour forth a continual supply of ill-starred victims of all ages to feed the demand, and the hebdomadal parade in the marketplace under the ruthless Moslem monsters by whom they are imported, is sufficiently harrowing to those unaccustomed to such revolting spectacles. Examined like cattle by the purchaser, the sullen Shankala fetches a price proportioned to the muscular appearance of his giant frame; and the child of tender years is valued according to the promise of future development. Even the shame-faced and slenderly clad maiden is subjected to every indignity, whilst the price of her charms is estimated according to the regularity of her features, the symmetry of her budding form, and the luxury of her braided locks; and when the silver has rung in confirmation of the bargain, the last tie is dissolved which could hold in any restraint the appetite of her savage possessor."

The three vols. will require a continuous review: see also report of Ethnological Society.

The Life and Literary Remains of C. Reece Pemberton; with Remarks on his Character and Genius. By W. J. Fox. Edited by John Fowler. 8vo, pp. 506. London, C. Fox.

A CLOSELY printed octavo, which would make two honest-enough volumes and somewhat to spare, is a labour of friendship and affection to the memory of a man of no common talents. Brassfounder, sailor, actor, traveller, lecturer, critic, dramatist, and essayist, in various paths of literature (whose appearance in the highest walk of tragedy at Covent Garden fifteen years ago is theatrical history), Mr. Pemberton is here spoken of (and also by Sergeant Talfourd, an excellent judge both of dramatic and literary descent) as a richly gifted and truly estimable individual. His remains, including two tragedies and a comedy, prove the variety of his attainments and the extent of his ability. He seems to have been by nature disinclined to settle anywhere; and to have roamed over the world immersed in the pursuit of the hour, with an ardour that ought to have conquered fortune in any path.

But, paying our tribute to departed worth and genius, we are deterred by the mass and desultory character of this posthumous monument from entering upon even one of its subjects. *Pel Verjuice* is a varied and interesting autobiography of the actual person; and the whole work supplies a fund of reading, which fairly gone through, would occupy and instruct the time of a month, leaving lessons behind for life. We are far from subscribing to all the opinions; but war not with the dead.

A Bibliographical Essay on the Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum. By A. Asher. 4to, pp. 110. London and Berlin, Asher and Co.

THIS volume has been before us for some time, and we had intended to have made it the medium for a few remarks on the increasing system of catalogue-publication as a means of pushing a trade; but our materials for such an article have gathered so much, and shew us so distinctly that they are not sufficient for the importance of the subject, that we are reluctantly compelled to give it up, at least for the present. Mr. Asher's catalogue, however, is too important, as an historical and literary work, to be cast aside with mere trade-catalogues; it gives much of the knowledge he has acquired during years of business of some of the most valuable collections of works of reference to the *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*, and to the philologist and historian it must become as useful a guide as it will be a pleasant one from the admirable manner of its arrangement, and the facility of reference to its important contents.

Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. By T. Martin. London, Simpkin and Co.

Nor an interesting fiction, like Lover's *L. S. D.*, but a simple and practical method of curtailing the number of figures commonly used in mercantile accounts. That Mr. Martin's rules for this desirable object are appreciated is best proved by the demand for this little book; the fifth edition of which is now before us.

Progressive Education, &c. By Madame Necker de Saussure. Pp. 395. Vol. III. Longman and Co.

THIS volume concludes the translation of Madame Necker's popular work; and her observations on the life of women, from youth to age, enforcing at all seasons that the only road to happiness is in true Christianity, are finely applicable to the sex in all civilised nations. Many of the remarks are very beautiful, and a great many more most beneficial and impressive.

Practical Hints on Cricket. By A. Wykhamist. Pp. 43. Cheltenham, H. Davies; London, Orr and Co.

A VERY small but thorough-good guide for beginners in this fine old and graceful English sport. Here may stops, and slips, and legs learn the safest way of performing their duties; and the laws of the game being added, the *Hints* are a nice little manual.

An Essay on Punctuation. By F. Francillon. London, Whittaker and Co.; Banbury, Potts. MR. FRANCILLON was called upon by his fellow-members of the Banbury Mechanics' Institution to deliver a series of lectures on punctuation. In the course of his reading for that purpose he consulted every available authority, and the little brochure before us is the result of that reading, interspersed with occasional remarks on composition, and copiously illustrated with quotations from many writers on the subject of which it treats.

A Sequel to Don Juan. 8vo, pp. 239. London, Paget and Co.

A LAMENTABLE example of facility and talent wickedly perverted to sap the well-being of society. Obscene and lascivious, profane and impious.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PIGMIES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dec. 23d, 1843.

SIR,—An article headed "Pigmies" in the *Literary Gazette* of to-day has the following note: "Our readers will remark that the existence of this race in Africa is utterly discredited by Dr. Beke. See last *Lit. Gaz.*" As I believe that no expressions of mine will bear this construction, you will allow me to repeat the passage thus referred to.

"Doko—which country Dr. Beke was, if we mistake not, the first to bring to our knowledge—has been described by the Rev. Mr. Krapf as inhabited by a race of pigmies. Dr. Beke heard nothing of this remarkable fact (if fact it be); but, curiously enough, another traveller, M. d'Abbadie, in an account of them in the *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Paris, describes the people of Doko as 'very large and muscular.'"

The question, as it appears to me, is not as to the existence of a diminutive race within Africa, but whether the inhabitants of Doko are pigmies, and that too of a character so debased as to be little (if any) better than brutes. This is a question simply of evidence; and all the evidence we possess upon the point is briefly as follows:—

The slave Dilbo, who first described these people to me in Shoa, at the same time that he informed me of the existence of the river Gódjeb, as detailed in the *Lit. Gaz.* of October 2, 1841, never alluded to any thing remarkable in their stature, although he furnished me with some curious particulars respecting their habits, &c. Subsequently I obtained further information about them from other persons in Gódjamb; but these likewise were silent on the point in

question. After I quitted Shoa, the Rev. Mr. Kraft made further inquiries of Dilbo, who related to him all the particulars respecting the Doko, as well as various other people and countries to the south-west of Shoa, published in the *Monatsberichte* of the Geographical Society of Berlin. These same particulars, apparently on the same authority (that of Dilbo), were given, almost in the same words, by Major Harris, in a paper read at the last meeting of the Ethnological Society. I am quite willing to concede that the silence of my informants—significant as silence with respect to so remarkable a fact might not unfairly be considered—should not be allowed to weigh against positive and uncontradicted evidence; but when, on the other hand, we find M. d'Abbadie, who has collected a good deal of information respecting these same countries from independent sources, describing the inhabitants of Doko as *very large and muscular*, the fact of these people being *pigmies*, or indeed of a stature smaller than that of the generality of mankind, must be regarded as very questionable.

Whether pigmies really do or do not exist in some part of the interior of Africa, is a question which I have no idea of discussing.—I am, &c. CHARLES T. BEKE.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 20.—Major Harris (see our review, page 850) read a paper "On the Galla tribes and the Inhabitants of Abyssinia, south of Shoa." Without entering very minutely into the detail of physical characters, and the divisions of tribes, he presented an important view of the state of society as it exists in Shoa, the resources of which are great, but very imperfectly developed. Christianity appears to have been extensively introduced at a remote period; but in doctrine and practice its professors are in a very low state; whilst the zeal of Mahomedans is extending the doctrines of the Koran, and making proselytes amongst various tribes. The insubordination of the chieftains to the paramount sovereign occasions frequent revolts and hostilities, generally resulting in the partial and temporary reduction of the insurgents. The most operative incentives to hostility, by which the prosperity and improvement of the country are prevented, are, the taking of prisoners for the supply of the slave-trade, and the capture of the flocks and herds in the possession of the weaker tribes. The Christian population are not clear from the practice of dealing in slaves, although the criminality of the act appears to be admitted. Amongst the traders attracted to the slave-market, it appears that a comparatively fair and light-haired people come by river communication from the west; and the character of the works of art which they furnish in exchange, attest the superior degree of cultivation to which they must have arrived. The major exhibited interesting objects which he had brought with him, some of the most remarkable of which were—badges of distinction conferred on successful warriors in proportion to the number of the foes whom they had slain—amulets, worn for protection against disease and accident—and female ornaments, some of which had belonged to the Queen of Caffa and other princesses. Many of these were made of silver, which is introduced in the form of dollars, and worked up by native artists in a manner very creditable to their skill, and exhibiting a marked peculiarity of style. The major observed, that manufactured articles are obtained at an exorbitant

price, and that many, with which this country could supply them at a much cheaper rate, might be largely disposed of on advantageous terms.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.
Dec. 20.—Mr. W. H. Hughes, vice-president, in the chair. The secretary explained the automaton calculator, invented by Dr. Roch, by which any number, either of simple or compound sums, may be rapidly and accurately added together, provided the whole amount does not exceed 999,990, or 999,990. 19s. 11½d. The instrument consists of an oblong mahogany box, fifteen and a half inches long, two and a half inches wide, and one inch thick; having a metal plate at top, in which are nine semi-annular perforations, beneath which are fixed the requisite train of wheels. Round the perforations are engraved the index figures, and opposite to them in the perforations are the teeth of corresponding wheels. Under the indices are nine circular holes, in which the numbers set down appear as if written on paper or a slate. To set down any required figure a pointer is inserted in the notch corresponding with that figure on the index; and by pressing the pointer against the left-hand tooth of the notch it is moved down to the left extremity of the annular perforation, and the figure is at once exhibited in the circular hole beneath. When the operation of adding up any amount within the range already mentioned is finished, it is requisite that 0 should be shown in each of the semicircular holes before another operation can be performed: this is done by pulling out a slide at the left end of the instrument which first gives 999,990. 19s. 11½d., and by adding one farthing, the nine 0's are obtained at once.

Mr. G. A. Hughes, who has been blind for seven years, explained his new system of stenographic embossing, by which the blind may readily be taught to read and write with great facility. The system consists of two dots, the one smooth and the other rough, which, with the aid of a guide line, are so arranged that all the letters of the alphabet, as also the numerals, are readily represented—merely by impressing the paper either with the smooth end or rough end of the embossing instrument in squares, regulated by what Mr. Hughes calls a formula, consisting of a brass frame furnished with vertical and horizontal bars.

Mr. Taylor exhibited two fire-escapes, the one being constructed of canvass extended on a jointed frame, into which persons may precipitate themselves from a window in cases of fire; and the other, consisting of two ropes, one of which running round friction wheels within a wooden upright chest, and over a pulley in a jointed crane-jib, prevents the car or canvass bag from descending too rapidly, while the other is required for drawing up the car again when the first descent has been effected. The whole of the apparatus is contained in a neat, ornamental pedestal, which may stand in a dressing-room or bed-room close to a window, and may be used at a minute's notice without any assistance being required from a second party.

Mr. Higgs explained his improved monochord, in which measurement has been applied to sound, and the actual relation of one tone to another is shown on an accurately divided scale.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 20.—Mr. E. J. Quekett in the chair. A communication from Mr. Tulk upon certain parasites

in the dog was read. These parasites were found by Mr. Topping on examining interscopically the contents of the intestines of a mangy dog. They belong to the genus *Dimitia* (Owen), first discovered, figured, and described by Dr. Lemon of Berlin, as inhabiting the sebaceous sacs and hair-follicles of the human skin. The insects now described as existing in the dog were found in such abundance, that thirty or forty were frequently seen in a single drop of pus. They differ very slightly from the human parasites before referred to—but analogy would lead to the conclusion that they are of a different species. The discovery of this parasite may throw some light on the cause of the disease called mange, a distemper by no means confined to one class of animals; while, at the same time, it is far from being certain whether this insect is the exciting cause, or is merely developed during the progress of that disorder. The chairman made some observations upon *Tettigonea septendecim*, a North American insect, sent by Professor Bailey, the ovipositor of which, he stated, forms a curious microscopical object. He exhibited specimens of the male and female insect, and also some wood, illustrating the injury done by it. He also laid before the society some earth from Petersburg in Virginia, described by Professor Rogers, containing fossil animalcules, and noticed several new forms found in it. Mr. Ross communicated an observation relative to the daguerreotype process, first noticed by Mr. R. H. Solly. If an ordinary daguerreotype portrait be examined with a power of about 200 linear, the surface in the parts upon which the light has acted, instead of being perfectly smooth, is found to be covered with a series of minute dots or globules, arranged in a hexagonal form. Mr. Ross exhibited this curious appearance in the course of the evening.—A fluid for cleaning glass was also laid before the society. It consists of a strong solution of nut galls. Glass wiped with this fluid is, effectually freed from all greasiness.—Mr. Busk exhibited the achromatic object-glass of a telescope having a minute *conferva* growing between the lenses, composing it. Some discussion took place as to whether this appearance was really the effect of vegetation, or produced by a species of crystallisation on the surface of the glass.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Cambridge Prize Subjects.—1. The Chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, "The Tower of London."
2. The Marquis Camden's gold medal for the best exercise in Latin hexameter verse, "Archimedes."
3. The Representatives in Parliament's four pieces of fifteen guineas, "The Bachelors." Quo modo in nobilibus sacris ornamentis, arteque ad architetrarum pertinentes vere religiosi prout.
4. For the Undergraduates: "Quoniam beneficia a deo prout prescriptis diligenter observant. Academiæ alumni percipient."
5. Sir W. Browne's three gold medals. (1) The best Greek ode in imitation of Sophocles. (2) The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace. (3) The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia; and the best Latin epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects for the present year are: (1) For the Greek ode, "Victoria regina academiam suam Cantabrigiam invitat." (2) For the Latin ode, "Nebula monumentum." (3) For the Greek epigram, "Nepos ex fulgore." (4) For the Latin epigram, "Incidit in Regiam cupressis Vitis Charybdis." (5) For the Porson prize, Shakespeare's Second part of Henry IV., act iv. scene 4, beginning "Thy wish was father," and ending "unto the worms."—N.B. The metre to be tragicum iambicum trimetrum acatalecticum.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the last meeting of the year, merely noted in our No. 140, there were read, besides the communication from Mr. Bonomi, in Egypt, to Mr. Jordan, (inserted with an engraving of the Esquion obelisk in that No.), several papers of much interest, on classical antiquaries and literary men, of every intellectual pursuit.

The first, read by Mr. Hamilton, was "Observations on a Greek inscription lately found in the island of Corfu by Colonel Leake, vice-president." This inscription, in common curative characters, reads as follows:—

ΚΙΩΝ ΤΑΙΣΙΝ ΑΝΕΛΕΥΣΕΤΑΙ ΤΟ ΕΘΝΟΣ
ΘΙΩΝΤΕΣ ΓΕΝΕΙΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ Δ' ΑΥΤΩ ΔΑΜΟΣ ΕΤΟΙΜΗ
ΝΑΥΑΡ ΠΡΟΪΕΝΟΣ, ΕΙΔΜΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ ΑΛΛ' ΕΝ ΠΟΝΤΩ
ΕΙΣΤΕΡΟ, ΔΑΙΜΟΣ ΔΕ ΚΑΘ' (ΥΠΕΡ) ΤΟ ΠΕΘΟΣ ΔΙΑΣΤΟΝ.
ΠΡΑΞΙΜΕΝΟΣ Δ' ΑΥΤΩ (ΚΛΕΥΣΗΣ) ΑΠΟ ΠΑΡΙΘΟΣ ΙΝΘΑΝ,
ΣΥΝ ΔΑΜΩ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΘΝΟΙΣ ΚΑΙΤΙΓΓΙΝΤΑΙ* ΕΠΙΛΩΝ ΕΘΝ.

This is the tomb of Menecrates, son of Thasius of Zanthea. The people (of Corcyra) made it for him; for he was a proxenus and friend of the people. But he perished in the sea, and caused infinite grief to the community. Praximenes, coming from his illustrious native place, raised, in conjunction with the people, this monument of arms* (trophy).

The monument on which the inscription appeared was discovered in October last at Kasberithes, a suburb of Corfu, in a spot which seems, from various other remains brought to light in its vicinity, to have served during many ages for sepulchral purposes. It consists of a large cylindrical mass of masonry, upon which stood apparently another cylinder of smaller diameter: the inscription occupies about two-thirds of the lower cylinder, under a cornice. The letters are to be read from right to left, and are in a single line; but when examined are found to consist of six hexameter verses, as above. The reading from right to left, as well as the forms of some of the letters, may be considered as proving the high antiquity of the monument. It is difficult,* concluded the learned author of this paper, "to conceive that the monument of Menecrates is much later than 600 B.C."

The second communication was by Mr. Osborn, so indefatigable in his Egyptian researches, and read by himself, upon certain Greek papyri discovered in an Egyptian tomb, and now in the library of Leyden. The commentary was as follows:—

It is scarcely necessary to explain that Greek papyri have been not unfrequently found in the tombs of Egypt; and that through the labours of Dr. Young and M. Letronne, and more recently of the Abbé Peyron, Dr. Forshall, and others, the general nature of their contents is now well understood. They are all documents of value, either as legal instruments, representing property in the Ptolemaic period of the history of Egypt, or for their contents. This value also does not respect the dead alone, as was supposed to be the case with the copies of the great Ritual in earlier times, but the living. They are documents evidently having been used, and designed to be used again by those who had deposited them in the tombs where they have been discovered. This must have been especially the case with the attested accounts of the results of litigations and other similar legal instruments, which form so large a proportion of them. The idea is suggested by this circumstance, that the tombs of Egypt were also used as the safes or strong boxes of

the families to whom they belonged. There is a passage in Herodotus which seems to hint at the existence of this, to us, extraordinary custom. He tells us that one of the ancient kings of Egypt, whom he calls Anytis, sanctioned by a law the practice of pledging mummies for loans of money. The creditor took possession of the tomb; and until his debt was discharged, the borrower never could be buried either in that or any other tomb in Egypt. *Eut. c. 136.* The use of tombs in Egypt as magazines or store-houses renders this law perfectly intelligible. It also accounts very satisfactorily for the otherwise singularly inexplicable fact that household furniture, musical instruments, and other properties, have been so often found in them.

The Egypto-Greek papyri of the Anastasy collection, in the museum at Leyden, have just been published in facsimile, with an ample apparatus of transcriptions, translations, and comments from the pen of Dr. Leemans, the curator. The modest, unassuming, yet easy and elegant Latinity in which his remarks are written, reflects great credit upon the scholarship of the accomplished author of this valuable publication. Its entire contents will be highly prized by the student of Egyptian antiquities; and there are one or two points of more general interest, which I take the liberty of laying before the society.

Of the twenty-two MSS., of which the collection consists, fifteen are deeds or instruments representing property of various kinds; two are acknowledgments of moneys received; three are debtor and creditor accounts of receipt and expenditure pertaining to the charges upon public worship in the Serapeum at Memphis; the remaining two are relations of dreams.

It is needless to explain that Serapis is Osiris, by one of his names, probably Osorapis, under which, in these later times, he was made into a new god. A very large temple was dedicated to him at Memphis called the great Serapeum, τὸ μέγα Σεραπεῖον, to which the majority of the papyri in this collection contain allusions, from whence some very singular facts may be gathered. In remarkable contrast to the rigid bigotry of the earlier Pharaohs, under the tolerant rule of the Ptolemies the *καρυμβολαί*, or sacred enclosure that surrounded the Serapeum, contained also a temple to Aesclepias for the Greek residents at Memphis, and another to Antarte for the Phœnicians and Tyrrhenians. The Sate Pharaohs, Psammetichus, Amasis, &c., were probably the authors of this innovation. *Eut. 178.* Another singular and hitherto scarcely suspected practice is also clearly alluded to in these documents. There were attached to the service of the Serapeum choirs of men who lived *ἐν καρυχῇ*; that is, who were never permitted to leave the precincts of the temple, and who appear also to have been vowed to celibacy. It was the custom of those who took upon themselves this vow, to bequeath their worldly possessions to their relatives, charging them with a fixed annual payment in coin and provisions for their own subsistence. Several of these papyri relate to a law-suit instituted by two brothers, who had taken the vow, against their youngest brother, with whom they had left their property, to recover the stipulated payment. So strict, however, were the rules of the Serapeum, that they were not permitted to leave the temple even to give evidence in a court of justice. This seclusion lasted for life. We find that one of them remained for fifteen years *ἐν καρυχῇ*. We learn from Diodorus Siculus that women were in the habit of devoting themselves to the service of Amoun; he calls them Pallades. It is only from these papyri that we know of the

existence of the same practice among the men, and that it was by no means confined to the worship of Amoun. This is a feature in the religion of ancient Egypt of no little importance to the comprehension of the allusions to some customs which abound in the hieroglyphic inscriptions, neither is it without its use as one of those hidden and hitherto unsuspected links whereby ancient and modern æsologism are inseparably connected. The dietary of these anchorites of the Serapeum appears to have been quite as self-denying and simple as that of the Pachomii and the Anthonies, who, four centuries afterwards, left its once-hallowed precincts for the gullies of the Libyan desert, where they obeyed the same canon, and practised the same austerities, under the name of Christianity.

The titles and offices, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, which are mentioned in these papyri, present an important field of research to the student. The verification of the hieroglyphic equivalents of these Greek names will probably make many valuable additions to our philological knowledge. The collection of all the known titles recorded on the monuments of Egypt already edited would also afford a highly interesting and important illustration of the internal policy of that ancient monarchy. This part of the subject, however, is as yet intact.

There is one point connected with titles of honour (and doubtless of emolument) in Egypt, which it may be worth while briefly to notice. Being (as the Greek authors inform us) strictly hereditary, we find in the late periods of the history of Egypt vast numbers of them accumulated in the same family, and assumed by the same individual,—most probably by intermarriages. This seems to have been the case so generally, that it may even be of service in determining the ages of undated monuments. The personages commemorated on the tomb-stones of Abydos, who lived under the 12th dynasty, have only one title each. Whereas Sa-amoun and his kindred, a family of priests, who lived in the reign of Ramses IX. of the 20th dynasty, have three and four titles each. The mummy of Sa-amoun is at Leeds; the paintings of the tomb whence it was taken are given by Rosellini in the M. C. 126. If we descend still lower, to the times of Psammetic and the Nechos, we find seven and even nine titles frequently ascribed to the same individual; while the titles of the nobles of Egypt of the Ptolemaic era are marshalled in many successive columns of hieroglyphics. This single fact sufficiently shows the importance of further research in this department of Egyptian archaeology.

The accounts of the revenues and charges of the Serapeum were kept by Priemy Mæcedo, a janitor of the temple, and comprehend five years, beginning from the 20th year of Ptolemy Philometor (A.C. 162). This man seems also to have been bursar to the establishment. From these singular documents we find that the revenues of the Serapeum were common. The incomes of the two brothers already mentioned were received by him and passed into the general account. The names of other recesses also frequently occur.

The papyri containing relations of dreams also require notice. No ancient nation gave so much attention to oneirocriticism as Egypt. That which is written of its history in the Bible, and in the Greek authors perfectly harmonises upon this point. There was scarcely a great event which was not foretold by, or which did not take place in consequence of, a dream. It is not, therefore, at all surprising to find that there was a public functionary who bore the

* Might not this word, omitted in the translation, be rendered by "connected by ties of hospitality?"—*Ed. L. G.*

title of grand dreamer to the Serapeum, whose duty it was first to dream, and then to record his dreams in order that they might be interpreted. This personage was in the habit of recording his dreams immediately on awaking. One fragment of this record is in the Leyden collection. The MS. has evidently been written while half asleep, with an execrable pen, and the letters are so curvilinear and ill-formed as to be scarcely legible. The dreams for which this functionary was paid very much resemble those which we are all in the habit of dreaming gratis. Take an example or two: "Eachon 25.—I dreamt I saw Taygetes the singer; she looked very beautiful, and was in excellent voice, and sung so charmingly that the image of the god Thoth laughed, and revealed his pure and holy foot." The imagination of the dreamer appears to have been haunted by these singers, for the same night he dreams again: "I dreamt that Cheges the singer was performing, and she sang so well that two tilers on the roof of the temple desisted from their work, and listened to her until they became black in the face with rapture." A few nights afterwards it seems highly probable that he had eaten supper, for he writes: "I dreamt that the great god Ammon called me, and as I went to him a cow met me and ate me up. Then the god came and thrust his divine arm down the cow's throat, and pulled me up again." Whether or no this vision is the origin of the legend of one of the renowned heroes of British history, I do not presume to decide: *judicet peritiores*.

The contents of the other papyrus which relates to dreams are of a somewhat more interesting character. It is the account of a dream of Nectanebo, the last of the Pharaohs, which he had when he came to worship at the great Serapeum. The great goddess Isis appeared to him in a vision seated in her sacred boat, and accompanied by a crowd of other divinities. One of these, whom the Egyptians call *Unouris*, and the Greeks *Apollon*, came forth in the midst, dilated himself to the height of twenty-one cubits, then fell flat on his face, and complained to the goddess of the very negligent manner in which his temple at Sebenytus was served by Samantes, whom Nectanebo had made high-priest of it, and also that the adytum of the temple which he was building remained unfinished. The king arose and dismissed Samantes, and inquired what was wanting to complete the temple; and finding that only the hieroglyphics of one side remained unfinished, he engaged the most skillful hieroglyphist in Egypt to engrave them, and gave him a very liberal remuneration. His name was *Περνερις* of *Ἀποδιδόλους*. This MS. was written long after the times of Nectanebo, in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor. The evident purpose of the writer was to extol the piety and devotion of Nectanebo. The motive, however, would be quite intelligible, but for some other papyrus, whence we find that Nectanebo, when he was driven from the throne of Egypt by the victorious arms of Darius Ochus, sought refuge in the court of Philip of Macedon, insinuated himself into the good graces of the queen, and became the father of Alexander the Great;—a fable invented for the purpose of making the Ptolemies the descendants, in a sense, of the ancient Pharaohs; and of thereby giving them a kind of hereditary title to the throne of Egypt. This

* The difficulty of finding competent workmen to execute hieroglyphics had been long felt in Egypt. Herodotus tells us that Anaxis, the ancestor of Nectanebo, a century earlier, had been compelled to send for artists from Memphis, and even from Elephantine, to complete his additions to the temple of Neith at Sais. *Bull. c. 17b.*

record of the good deeds of Nectanebo is therefore the praise of the putative ancestor of the then reigning monarch, the motive for which is perfectly intelligible. Herodotus mentions a similar fiction invented by the Egyptian priests in regard to Cambyses. *Thal. c. 1.*

The value of these few facts can scarcely be made to appear in their present isolated condition. They are, however, by no means without their use as illustrating the customs of Egypt at an interesting period of its history, but upon which very little information is to be derived from the Greek historians.

We must defer Mr. Wright's paper on Gerbert and his abacus till next Saturday.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Zoological, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The late Mr. Southey.—In consequence of a desire which had been generally expressed, that a public testimony of respect to the memory of the late poet laureate, Mr. Southey, should be placed in the church of Crosthwaite, in which parish he had spent the greater portion of his life, a meeting was held at Keswick, on the 31st October, 1843 (the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar, in the chair,) when it was resolved:—

1. That a tablet with a medallion of Mr. Southey, in white marble, be adopted as the monument to be erected; and that William Wordsworth, Esq., poet laureate, be requested to write the inscription. 2. That a number of gentlemen named should be a committee. 3. That Dr. Southey and the Rev. D. Coleridge be requested to assist the committee, by recommending an artist for the execution of the work.*

Other resolutions appointed secretary, treasurer, &c. &c., and agreed that a lithographed copy of a drawing of the tablet, when completed, should be sent to each subscriber.

The subscriptions amounted at the local meeting to about 70*l.*; and we learn that it was thought probable the amount, besides the mural tablet, might afford a surplus to apply in furtherance of a plan at present in contemplation for the improvement of the parish church of Crosthwaite, and repairing and re-pewing in oak the chancel, from the conviction, on the part of Mr. Southey's friends, that this mode of testifying respect to his memory would have been to him most gratifying. The following is the inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of Robert Southey, whose mortal remains are interred in the adjoining churchyard. He was born at Bristol, October 4, 1747; and died, after a residence of nearly forty years, at Gretna Hall, in this parish, March 31, 1843.

Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steep—
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps—
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fix'd him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, ye loved ones, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own.
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal;
Or fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanction'd in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind:
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast

* Of which if there could be a question, we should despair of any public monument of art ever being what it should be. Look at Lough's inimitable bust of Southey just completed!—*Ed. L. G.*

Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanish'd like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vow'd
Through a long life, and calm'd by Christian faith
In his pure soul the fear of change and death.

"Ye torrents, foaming down the rocky steep—
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps—
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fix'd him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, ye loved ones, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own.

Not dead, ye torrents! ye whose lofty hymn
Peal upon peal majestic meets the ear,
Swelling and sounding 'midst the mountains dim
As earth, like heaven, had its harmonious sphere,
Not dead, ye woods! still in your sylvan dells
The immortal memory of Southey dwells.

Say, shall that spirit which inspired the breath
Of epic poetry be heard no more?
Shall song not triumph o'er the scythe of death?
Speak, voice of waters! answer those, Lodore!
Thy catarest enshines the poet's fame,
Thy living waters syllable his name.

Why mourns the laurel?—wherefore droops that leaf
Rich in historic glory and renown?
Why o'er its honours hang the dews of grief?
What hath cast down the old, the laureate crown?
The splendour of its fame can never set—
Thy muse, O Southey, lingers round it yet.

Oh, friend beloved! far more than tongue may speak—
True heart and holy—seest thou these sad eyes?
I know such drops of sorrow are but weak—
Why should I mourn thee, spirit of the skies?
Yet who to such a loss could calm remain?
Who weeps no more, because he weeps in vain?

The lips that "bless'd me"—ah! how often they,
In language musical as heaven's lyre,
Would lend a gladness to the vernal day,
Give wings to thought, and lead me to aspire!
Weep still, sad heart! for where mayest thou now find
So true a friend to thee and all mankind?

Come, spirit of the cloud, descend in tears!
Veil, Skiddaw, veil thy venerable head!
He's dead!—the noblest of thy late compeers;
Love, Friendship, all—oh, all save Fame are dead.
Dead to the human heart that yearns to meet
Once more the lips that made affection sweet.

Ye meads, that from your flowery bosoms wake
Perennial incense, lift his name on high,
Who loved ye, living, for your Maker's sake,
And sang of ye in lays that ne'er can die!
Go, wreath your garlands round the poet's tomb,
And crown his memory with immortal bloom.

Nor sculptured urn, nor monumental stone,
Like Nature's tablet can record his worth;
The cenotaph which Nature calls her own
Shall live whilst Genius hath a voice on earth.
Then shrine his fame, ye hills, for evermore,
And loudest in his praise sound thou, Lodore!

CHARLES SWAIN.

The Imperial Family Bible. Parts 23 to 27.
Blackie and Son, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.

FIVE more parts of this Bible bring us to the close of the prophet Nahum. The work is being carried on as spiritedly as it was commenced; but the illustrations appear to us to be sadly misplaced, three out of the five before us referring to events after the coming of our Saviour, a fourth to the finding of Moses, and the fifth is a title-page. Directions to the binder will, we presume, be given for their proper distribution hereafter, as otherwise their present localities disfigure a handsome work.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IRELAND: TRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

SONGS of the Nation scattered like brands among an excitable people will have their effect; and we have heard, of late, much about them. But there is a lower foundation for the miseries that afflict Ireland—that foundation is Ignorance. Upon

* The successor and friend of the laureate does not seem to have been inspired by feeling on this occasion. As we advance in age, objects fade, or the sight fails. But rather disappointed in the above inscription, we are the more inclined to publish some original lines to the memory of Southey from another pen.—*Ed. L. G.*

this the crafty and the wicked work; and hence the unsettled and unhealthy state of the country, where powerful Ignorance oppresses, and oppressed Ignorance seeks safety in cunning, or revenge in murder.

In our brief tour we were deeply struck with the effect of this cause; and, among its prominent operations, the general circulation of a species of cheap little books, to which the lowest classes were taught to look for instruction. These emanated from the Romish press; and whilst such education as could be witnessed in the convents in and near Cork reflected the highest honour on the priests*—who devoted themselves to that important duty,—the profane folly and inflammatory trash to which we have alluded, formed a most unwelcome contrast to the labours of the wiser and better disposed.

Two of the books referred to are now before us; and, in our opinion, are more calculated to debase and pervert the minds of the Irish peasantry than the far better written passionate and poetical effusions of the existing crisis. Each may serve its turn.

In *Stuirtheoir an Phaeuicig, sgríobtha re Padraig Din, a Geacpacuinn*,†—a small tome of 70 pages, coarsely printed, and on almost whitey-brown paper (1834),—the Gaelic and the English language are both employed to disseminate the writer's sentiments for "the spiritual use of poor ignorant Catholics." It is simply demoralising from its ludicrous descriptions of sacred things, such as the crucifixion and the day of judgment. We can hardly find it discreet to quote even two or three verses as specimens; but the following will, we trust, be considered inoffensive:—

"The destin'd hour was come, and now at hand,
When the traitor Judas, and Jewish band,
Rush'd in like fearless hounds, to apprehend
The King of glory and their only friend.

They drag'd and haul'd him to all their judges,
And he, bound with ropes, most slowly trudges;
Though his languid frame was then exhausted,
They kick'd and beat him while strength had lasted."

"With sneers, and grins, and cheering shouts, they
Laugh'd,
Their tongues out hanging; then they at him scold'd,
Leaping, frisking with joyful whims or freaks,
They strike him hard, for which his body quakes."

"They hack'd and cut him, and in streaming gores
Drew his blood apace from his naked sores,
Until his snowy skin was all around,
Then dash'd on the walls and against the ground.

"When the five thousand lashes they gave his frame,
Without compassion or repining shame,
They untied, unpi'd, his shackling bands,
Till they should pain him with more severe hands.

"Draw near, you sinners of mean filthy thoughts,
And view his body for your lustful faults,
Quite rent and mangled, and yet stay'd alive,
To appease his Father's wrath against you to strive."

"Let the fairer sex, whose pride the world knows,
On their giddy heads and gaudy clothes,
Behold his head with thorny baskins stuck,
In doing of which their garish heads partook.

"And yet his face with buffets black and blue,
All besom'd with spittles, let them review.
The sins they commit, with their face and eyes,
Caused all such treatment to his face and eyes."

"Spotless virgins who kept their bodies pure
From lustful stains of every kind in ure,
Shall sit next to Christ in the highest fame,
And their faces stamp'd with his holy name.

"The great queen of Heaven then will much rejoice
To have those virgins as her only choice,
To sing in concert, with celestial joy,
The eternal praises of the Lamb on high.

"Ah! the Judge will view his black wicked foes,
In filthy swarms in the vale of woes;
Then he will say, with indignant ire,
Depart, you cursed, into eternal fire."

* A distinguished clergyman of the English Church avowed us he had never seen any superior system, nor one carried out with more conscientious integrity.—*Ed. L. G.*

† i. e. Patrick Denn of Cappoguin.

But if this be objectionable more as raising absurd images than as attempting to influence the people in social, political, and religious action, we cannot say so much for the second similar volume, Timothy O'Sullivan's *Plough Miscellany*, which has run through many editions, the last vouched for by Denn; and published at Cork (pp. 124) in 1841. "During the long nights of winter (he says in his preface) a hymn or song out of this little book may be sung in every Roman Catholic family." It would be better do so than suffer the vile compositions that have been daily sung through the public streets, to be introduced therein; such are too apt to convey early and deep infection into the tender minds of children; and it is to be hoped, that parents who respect their families' temporal and eternal welfare will not suffer such poison to get into their houses."

We see, therefore, what this publication is thought likely to produce; and we make no apology for the subjoined selection of two passages, to exhibit the character of these popular productions. Of course we do not touch the native tongue, but the translations:—

"Song which represents a Dialogue between Jesus and a young Virgin Lover.

Lover. O good and loving Jesus, prepare for me your
blessed court,
Forget my sinful treason, against these frailties be my
support;
Fountain of all sweet graces, I mean now, in my tender
youth,
To provide for my salvation, and earnestly seek the
truth.

Jesus. As you're a young virgin maiden, and mean now
to seek and choose
The surest path to save you, and really hence to be my
spouse,
Be modest, mild, and gracious, with a chaste heart,
Most clean and pure,
Unspotted like an angel,—your salvation will then be
sure.

L. To live pure amidst temptations, O Jesus, 'tis hard,
I own—
The flesh so often teases and inflames us to what 'tis
prone,

Unless you give me strength and graces, and make me
fit, that so
I may have power then to trample and banish that
mortal foe.

J. My darling young pure maiden, if you take me with
heart and mind
To be your spouse in future, I'll prove to you both good
and kind;

I'll give you, in truth, my graces, and make you my
soul's delight,
And love you hence sincerely, and never leave you from
my sight.

L. To you I mean to cleave now, though my parents
me oft reviled,
Saying I'll be poor in future, without true help from
man or child;

But I hope you'll not forsake me, nor leave me like
sinners blind,
Seeking for help among creatures, which really they
ne'er can find.

J. I will stand by you, my darling, and call me to be
your guide,
And I promise you at all times I'll answer if you con-
side;

I will not ever forsake you, my dear fair one so pure
and mild,
But bless you with my graces, and treat you as my
loving child;

To heavenly joys I will lead you, where with angels you
can sport,
Among those spotless virgin maidens, the fairest in my
holy court,

If you give now your chaste heart, and leave me if
evermore,
And keep it pure in future, improving it with blessed
store.

L. Your promise can't be false or fruitless, I'm sure you
tell no lie,
If I take you as my true spouse, me with food you will
supply.

O lover of chaste maidens, most gracious to them, and
truly kind,
I hope you'll not forsake me, I'll cleave to you with
heart and mind.

J. Believe me still, dear fair one, no mortal ere a true
lover could explore
The joy you'll have for ages, with angels, and the virgin
corpse.

Enraptured in love unending, and inflamed by ardent
desires,
Singing alleluia, and new songs in eternal course."

From another song of an evening's naming we
copy the following:—

"Among the noble gentry, and the pompous sort of great
bishops,
What cruelty so impetuous which reigns in their laws,
Oppressing so inhumanly the poor with vexation,
With tyrannic treatment without reason or cause,
By beggaring them with rents and tithes, and
And selling them their goods in bawls
Exposing them to public sale,
To support that stilted pride.

By this bantering and cheating, so painful and dreadful
To the poor class of Erin, who are daily annoyed
I next fix'd my views on the innumerable species
Of religion and zealots prevailing* these times,
In this island, which anciently was like the paradise of
angels.

When goodness and equity did equally chime;
Now 'tis turning* with an evil kind
Of every sect that step'd aside
From their mother-church thro' lust and pride,
To strive still to explode
The rudiments of her purity, the truly conspicuous
To all her good people and the de'il's blissing hood.

My reflections thus expanded, I ponder'd on those
traitors,
The vile dogs of Erin and the real dust of weeds
Who are fighting and quarrelling, and robbing their
neighbours,
And seducing them daily by mean filthy deeds,
Then I saw how those darnel-seeds
Gave too much cause to call them thieves,
And asperse our church which nursed such de-
fies to flee from her rules.

Infringing and abusing the rules she has taught them,
Not heeding her cautions, but sauntering like fools.
From such teaching, what fruits can be ex-
pected? No wonder that the poor misled popu-
lation of Ireland have the most sacred names
of God, Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, for
ever in their mouths, and so little of religious
precept or principle in their hearts!"

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR
LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON LII.†

Aunt Margery. In concluding my instructions,
at least in the form of regular tuition, though
I may from time to time find a supplemental
lesson to communicate, I cannot help congrat-
ulating myself on the fact, that my humble
endeavours have stirred up a most useful spirit
of inquiry in various quarters, and have led to
checks on impositions which had long flourished
with impunity, to the great detriment of the
poorer orders.

Phi. As I said, you deserve a statue of mar-
ble by penny subscriptions.

Aunt M. My ambition seeks no such tribute.
But there is one point for the mechanic and
labourer which I would fain urge before I take
my leave.

Pri. What is it?

Aunt M. I think more important than all the
rest as affecting their interests, because it would
pervade every purchase they required to make.

I allude to the payment of their wages on any
day in the week EXCEPT SATURDAY (the day or
rather the night on which they are all paid);
and preferring Friday to any other day.

Pri. Your reasons.

Aunt M. Cogent, numerous, and unanswer-
able. Two may suffice:—the Saturday night's
wages tend to idleness and desecration of the
Sabbath; the Saturday night's wages must be

* Sic in orig.: probably for "pervading" and "tem-
ing"—*Ed. L. G.*

† One of our Nos. being repeated made these les-
sons appear to be only 51, instead of the weekly an-
nual amount of 52.—*Ed. L. G.*

expended in darkness to disadvantage and loss on the part of articles, whether of clothing or provisions, and liable to every imposition, which the lowest fraudulent vendors. Thus, the poor man, the comfort of the poorest classes, is promoted by a practice that might one week be almost universally amended. The poor man, or his wife, or his family, might have time and delight to buy the commodities they wanted at the best market in their choice; and the seventh day might be to them a day of rest and holy communion of spirit and mind.

Phil. It would have an Act of Parliament to do it, even if it should be passed in the face of Mr. Brougham at a quarter past twelve o'clock on a Saturday night.

Pri. Is that the member papa said should be made in the last batch of poets?

Phil. Next with the title of Count Midnight—ha, ha, ha! But what a joke! a joke! a joke!

Phil. Nevertheless, reasonable hours are always desirable, and the most rational business is done at proper times.

Phil. It was only a joke, may be out of season.

Phil. Well, well, I won't be so petulant again. But what are these loose notes and scraps of paper?

Phil. Slight memoranda intended for sale; these are what I may as well let you read.

Phil. (reading). "Waterproof boots and coats, the best and called in consequence of the difficulty they present to the water getting out, which they admit with little or no obstacle." Once you are well soaked in them, you are waterproof.

Phil. Scotch lambs' wool? articles are not Scotch, are not lambs' wool, are not wool at all; but a coarse preparation plentifully mixed with cotton.

Phil. A fine article in nineteen instances out of twenty is a tradesman who has not one piece of genuine linen in his shop; but he knows where to get it if it is wanted.

Phil. "Rat poison" is common lowest priced rat flavoured with benzoin.

Phil. Chestnuts are made to look clean, fresh, and good, by being well shaken in a sack with a lump of beeswax to give them the polish.

Phil. Exchange of other articles for those taken and not approved affords the liberal shop-keeper exactly two profits instead of one.

Phil. Some tradesmen are in league with low attorneys, with whom they have a perfect understanding of mutual benefits, profit and loss; and deal with such is most dangerous; for on the slightest failure in payments they fly to their friend or near relative, the lawyer.

Phil. There is another remarkable practice connected with the recovery of tradesmen's and shopkeepers' accounts, which is little known, although extensively carried on, and susceptible of gross oppression and injustice. Yet persons in the upper walks of retail dealings, and wealthy and respectable, are not ashamed to have recourse to it. On the death of a partner, or any other event which can serve for the excuse, the books are placed in the hands of an agent of that peculiar kind, who is to collect the sums, within perhaps six years, which do not appear to have been struck out or receipted. This agent contracts with an attorney—no charge is paid, but the attorney's and eight penny letters are written, and speedily followed by writs.

The principals, of course, have nothing to do with the matter.

Among suggestions for remedying the crying evil of law expenses (see G. G. 1893), one of the most efficacious and unobjectionable has been offered by a respectable attorney, viz. the establishment of local courts, and that in all actions brought elsewhere the plaintiff should pay defendant's costs, whereas at £15 is recovered. It might go lower with general benefit.

with the business, and cannot interfere; and so the worst course one of their old customers can take (not having preserved receipts, never perhaps having taken one, having utterly forgotten if ever such a transaction took place—not unlikely being mistaken for some one of a similar name), is to pay the demand at once, and the expenses thereon. This iniquitous process, it is believed, confined to London, is a new one.

But true to localities. Talking of receipts, here is one for gin, generally sold at common ale-houses.

Take of ordinary malt spirits, 10 gallons.
Oil of turpentine, 3 ounces.
Juniper-berries, 1 pound.
Sweet fennel and caraway seeds, of each 4 oz.
Bay salt, 3 handfuls.

Surgery and Chemistry.—Alcoholic medicines, to be taken three or six times a day—double dose on going to bed,—are excellent substitutes for drams to temperance-people and dyspeptic old ladies. These are preferable to counterfeit brands; *i. e.* nitrous acid or spirits of nitre, andorris root and vinegar.

In brandy the adulteration is most extensive, from the great temptation held out. Common grain whisky, with spirit of sweet nitre, and burned sugar as colouring, is what is commonly used; and this decoction, when well managed, is by no means unpalatable.

Champagne.—Perry and hermitage; proportions, a wine-glassful of the latter to a quart of the former; branding corks, wiring, waxing, &c. &c. is an easy business. The French have a trick of making their Champagne-bottles with the cavity of the bottom reaching almost to the neck inside; such are frequently sold and bought at 16 and 18 to the dozen. Speaking of bottles, this is a most iniquitous branch of the wine-trade; as 12 quarts to the dozen is never by any chance used, the common sizes being 15, 16, and 18 to the dozen. Rousillon, Favelle, &c. are very useful in making up Burgundy, Eclair, Christ, &c. and Bucellas assists almost invariably, with Hock, Grave, Sautern, &c., by which a saving to the vendor of fully 60 per cent is gained, without the chance of discovery.

A single wine-glass of Jamaica rum, to a bottle of "silent" whisky, with a little of the aforesaid colouring, and you have a fairish spirit; and with a little nitre added, the fine pine-apple flavour is produced. Besides this, the strength that spirits ought to be sold at is 11 over-proof, whilst you never can get it at more than 15 under-proof, by which, of course, a saving to the dealer of 26 per cent is gained in strength alone. There is never by any chance a drop of foreign brandy in cherry-brandy; it is not so good with it as the common "silent aqua."

Poetical clothes' shops are *en règle*. The clothes are as poetical as the puffs, and soon in poetical rags. You may look to Moses and the profits for fine specimens of this.

Fine anchovies are sprats, and fifteen pence per bottle for them is dear, though they are labelled "Genuine Gorgone."

Shop-walkers are employed to watch against shop-lifters; and their services are often exceedingly profitable to the concern, and expensive to the parties.

The Russian bears that travel to England, whenever the frost enables them to take the journey at their ease, for the sake of favouring us with their grease, are very numerous. As there are, however, no parliamentary or other returns, we can only come to an approximate estimate, say ten thousand a year, which will account for the whiskers, mustachos, and beards, seen of such luxuriant growth in every street or place

of public resorts. These demi-boats also smoke cigars, and take snuff, of which we furnish an analysis by one of the most able chemists employed on such occasions.

Tobacco.—Two specimens of commercial leaf-tobacco count respectively as 24 and 25.

Vegetable matter, 25.00
Saline matter, 25.00
Earthy matter, 25.00

In four other specimens, seized from a large tobacco manufacturer, they contained respectively as much as 25, 20, 35, and 38 per cent of saline and earthy matters (seized in Lancashire, at Liverpool and Preston).

Tobacco, when in leaf, is fraudulently sophisticated in one of the following ways: 1. By moistening it. In this manner the dry leaves imbibe water, and 80 pounds of dry leaf will weigh 100. 2. By moistening them with a solution of salt and drying them, then 90 pounds of tobacco will easily imbibe 10 of salt. 3. By moistening them and sprinkling them with a mixture of sand, clay, and salt, made into a paste with water;—in this way 80 pounds of leaf-tobacco will easily imbibe 20 of such a mixture, without presenting any external appearance of being adulterated. This kind of tobacco is used for cigars. (N.B. the best.)

A specimen of snuff was examined (the black rappee). It contained 64 grains.

Tobacco, 64 grains.
Sand and saline matters, 1.00
Earthy matter, 1.00

Another (a fancy snuff) contained 100 grains.
Tobacco, 100 grains.
Sand and saline matters, 1.00
Earthy matter, 1.00

Sandy, earthy, and saline matter, 27.6

Regarding snuff, the earthy matter, or sand, &c., is added to the incredible extent of 30 per cent. I have often seen 8 per cent of actual glass, finely pounded, in commercial specimens.

Phi. I am tired; I can read no more. And so people live well, become bankrupts, and get rich by tricks and Lies like these.

Aunt M. All at the expense of the lower orders, and to the injury of the honest trader. Upon the guilty rebuke is thrown away; and it is only by opening the eyes of the public and those in authority to the shocking prevalence of these frauds and evils, that they can be partially remedied; otherwise the answer of their perpetrators will be what I once heard: "It is true I have committed all these offences; but I am not poor!"

Metropolitan Destitution.—The hint thrown out in our last Gazette upon the subject of philanthropic competition being likely to distract and defeat charitable purposes, has even within these seven days been, unhappily, justifying our apprehensions. The rival theories and schemes now appealing to the public for support, are injuring each other, and cooling that warm feeling for the sufferings of the poor which seemed to have been awakened into new life for their immediate succour and relief. With the best intentions, we have bishops patronising one plan, lords another, associations a third, fourth, and fifth, clergymen advertising for their parishes, police-magistrates acknowledging for their boxes, and all on the alert to do good in the manner which has appeared to them to be most feasible and effectual. But meanwhile these spirits are copying the cosmopolitan principle; and unless something like the union we humbly ventured to recommend is

cardinal effect, we fear that all the present state will evaporate with the least instead of the greatest possible benefit to the destitute, and satisfaction to the community at large.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The opening scene of the pantomime, *Harlequin and King Pepin*, or *Valentine and Orson*, was the abode of Idleness, personified by Mr. Hance, contrasted with that of Industry, Miss Newsome, as Idleness, bewailing the encroachments of the society for the extension of general education, throws off easily many happy and humorous allusions to that and other nostrums of the day, and resolves to, set up an opposition school. "All play and no work." The mere reading of the prospectus, promising leap-frog, long tail, prisoner's base, and other fun, with no extra charges for bats and balls, &c., had little effect on the group of boys with satchels and slates passing to the village-school; but the temptation of a box of playthings was too strong, away went slates and books, and whip-top and other games were the order of the moment. This lighted up the countenances of many little ones around us. Industry then exhibits a country village with gleaners, reapers, charity boys and girls, handicraftsmen, old men and women, a scene of general occupation, and of a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; and calls upon old Idleness to withdraw and give up the contest. The latter old dame tries hard for a compromise; but Industry and Idleness never can go hand in hand. She then asks for one more trial, which is granted. Two children who are travelling with *King Pepin's* sister through the forest are taken, the one by a she-bear, to be brought up in the woods, the other by the king, to be reared in the palace—the fates of Orson and Valentine of the story. But now comes a dilemma: in an instant the babes of the forest are to become men, and *Old Time* (Selby) apologises most satisfactorily to boxes, pit, and both galleries. In tense he says,—

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
For 'tis your thoughts must deck our babes;
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

He was received as chorus to the history, and passed away in applause. The next two scenes were full of life, and bustle, and drollery—the exploits of the wild man among the civilised. The fight between the brothers, Mr. Howell and Mr. W. H. Payne, was a capital burlesque; and the drunken reeling of the child of nature was rich in grace and action, and cleverly played by Mr. Payne: upon him depended most of the humour of this part of the piece. His caricature of Carlotta Grisi was excellent, and deservedly approved. The popular leap, and other peculiarities of the *Peri*, were enjoyed, and called for a second time. All that we have sketched, and more, belong to the opening of the pantomime. When Orson is tamed by his own reflection, Industry appears, asserts her superiority, orders the usual transformations, and bears him away to—Hullah, perhaps. Messrs. Howell, T. Ridgway, and Blanchard, as *Harlequin*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*, and Miss Carson, a new *Columbine*, pretty, but inclining to idleness rather than to industry, have full away, and the usual tricks and changes proceed. Light hats and heads, the water-cure, sparkling cork stout, new regulations, dolly sweeps, twelfth-night cakes, and durable colours, are prominent among them. The whole was well managed, and concluded with an allegorical tableau of the national monument in the centre, and Nelson's real

monument in the background. (There) the real monument will ever be; but we wish that in Trafalgar Square it were less real and more allegorical.

Haymarket.—The Christmas piece here, after the *Love Class*, in which Mrs. Niblett was most exuberant, and succeeding the wonderful and graceful performances of Mr. Risley and his son, was a musical fairy extravaganza, written by the author of *Fortunio*, and of many successful pieces of the same class. It is founded on the nursery tale of the *Fair One with the Golden Locks*. The pretty story is not so full of incident as that of *Fortunio*, nor will the piece be so great a favourite; but the arrangement is good, and the popular airs of last season's operas are most happily parodied. They were given with great spirit by Miss P. Horton and Mr. Bland, who are so admirable in this species of representation. Nothing was lost by them,—every line, every point was made to tell; and there were several capital hits in the dialogue, although perhaps it was not so sparkling as some of Planche's writing in happier days. Miss P. Horton played *Gracel*, *Lachrymose* (Bland's) minstrel and favourite, to whose share fell the chief burden of the song, and of the acting. She was made to repeat more than one of the airs, but "Miss Lucy Lang" met with an unanimous encore; it was very cleverly sung and acted. Miss Julia Bennett looked very pretty as the *Fair One*. Messrs. Tilbury and Caulfield, Miss Matley, and others who had to assist also in chorus, but who could not lay claim to very harmonious voices, lent their human aid; and Miss Lee, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Widdicombe, were droll as *Carp*, *Crow* (Jim) and *Owl*. The scenery and mechanical arrangements were excellent, and the dresses neat and handsome.

Princes's.—Here a grand "burlesque spectacle," full of smart puns on tea, corn, and the current topics of the day, has been produced in place of pantomime, and, supported by the comic portion of the company, was as successful as management could desire. The events are Chinese, the dialogue English, and for the first act very clever and sparkling. Mrs. Grattan, Messrs. Bedford, Oxberry, and Walton are the chief dramatic persons, and assisted with some capital scenery, some pretty dances, good dresses, flags, banners, mirrors, &c. &c., achieved the desired result of a successful Christmas novelty. The title of the extravaganza is *The Magic Mirror*, and is as flimsy in plot as such productions usually are. It, however, has been made the vehicle for the beauties we have commended; and at this time of the year they must be hard to please who are not satisfied with so many. For our critical selves, we may add, that judicious curtailment, and a less audible prompter, are the only improvements we are called upon to indicate. On Wednesday there was an alarm of fire, but it was ascertained to be of trifling extent, and was instantly extinguished. It had the unfortunate effect of frightening the more timid portion of the audience, many of whom left the theatre, though some were reassured by the appearance of Mr. Waltra to announce that there was no cause for alarm. *The Magic Mirror*, however, was dimmed for that evening, but we trust the temporary cloud has passed away.

Adolph.—At this theatre a rattling burlesque on old *Blue Beard* was produced, and with its familiar popular music, revived, gave great satisfaction to the holiday audience. *Olympic*, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, here maintained his sway, and like other reflections of the "have beans—or beans" was well received.

Strand.—This little theatre has re-opened for the season with an efficient company; for domestic and comic drama. One of the former, *Atley*, was prettily played, and in it Hammond acted excellently. Mrs. Montgomery, new to the metropolitan boards, was clever and promising. *The Survey* dealt in literature, and the vowels *A E I O U* were brought forward, as the Spinozists would say, in a pronounced, stately, "spread" of learning from this popular source may be expected to be so marked, that the very cabmen driving parties to the door will imitate their whips into the watering-trough and talk of Dipsalongs. At all events, inside *King Ignorance* is dethroned by Lindley Murray, and Education has its diffusion in the midst of much confusion.

Atley's.—A pantomime founded on *Tam O'Shanter*, and the characters supported by as many quadrupeds as bipeds, was indeed a novelty to us cockney folks, and accordingly brought a tremendous house. It contains all the qualities necessary for the success of a pantomime, many of them much heightened by the beautifully docile animals who take a considerable share in the action. Every feature of the establishment has been put into requisition; and Mr. Batty is sure to reap advantage for his spirited catering for our holiday amusement. Some of the scenery and effects are very surprising, and we think *Tam O'Shanter*, with Miss Cushnie for its *Columbine*, and Messrs. Gibson, King, and Matthews, for *Hucklequin*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*, is likely to be as attractive as any of its rivals from the same author; for it is from the fertile brain of Mr. Nelson Lee, who is almost a monopolist in this class of production.

Music Hall, Street Street.—Mr. H. Phillips on Thursday evening commenced his musical lectures with pleasing historical and anecdotal introductions, and a charming selection of songs, the first part consisting entirely of Dipsalongs, which he gave with the greatest spirit and fervour, and which are so well suited to his rich manly voice. The second part was devoted to miscellaneous music; and, with the exception of *Lover's* popular "Molly Bawn," included airs not commonly known—we mean, not hackneyed. Amongst them, conspicuous for intrinsic beauty and for fire and most suitable delivery, were Waller's "Love's Errand," "Go, lovely Rose," and Marschner's celebrated song, "Drink Lied," "Im Herbst da musman trinken." A brimful of spirit, and which as a chorus some years since (in an English opera) was so much admired, "The Waltonian song," "Come, come along with me, singing, heigh, trollee, lollie, loe," was given by Mr. Phillips. "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," a lively ballad and ancient melody, dismissed the audience. The whole entertainment was exceedingly agreeable, and more like a friendly meeting than a public assembly. Mr. H. Phillips surely possesses the one thing needful for a solo evening's harmony—a splendid voice and this, together with nice taste in selection and execution, renders his success in this his new career almost certain. One anecdote created much hearty laughter—an Irishman's plan for getting quietly the riotous Irish and Welsh: making O'Connell and his followers marry Rebecca and her daughters.

The Ojibway Indians.—Another most attractive exhibition has just been opened, for young folks and old folks, at the Egyptian Hall, and under the able direction of Mr. Cathin. It consists of a party of (with one exception) full-blooded Ojibway Indians from the borders of

Lake Huron; two women, a girl ten years old, and six men. Their costume, their dances and other ceremonies, their manners (contrasting perfect good humour with wild savagery), and in their every look and action, are of singular interest to the observant as well as to the merely curious. Of this tribe we understand there are about 26, or 27,000. The oldest man here is 75 years of age, and represented as a very benevolent character. He fought by the side of Tecumseh when that warrior was slain, and was one who bore his dead body from the field. It would require much writing to give any idea of the exhibitions, and Mr. Catlin's lucid explanations; but as the great room seems to be crowded during all the hours it is open, they will soon be familiar to all the town, without our describing. We would advise an early visit to so very remarkable and entertaining a sight.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

DEAR sir, it has struck me as far from polite—
Considering how many letters we owe you—
That no one on earth, in return, should indite
A letter to you, though we most of us know you.
A vast obligation is laid on this nation,
For, while time out of mind
I have seen letters signed
With your title, full of wit and merriment,
Some sage and some witty,
Some, like this, with a pretty
Considerable dash of the "cock and the bull"—
As yet 'tis most common,
In man and in woman,
To boast that they keep you unlearned in all
That happens around this terrestrial ball—
Ever pleading their own want of nous to this tune,
"Why, I know no more than the Man in the Moon!"
But here comes, dear Moon, in despite of the past—
Per favour Monck Mason—a letter at last.
These are Christmas times with us, Man in the Moon;
Merry Christmas times!
Old winter is mild as the breath of June;
And we're merry as marriage chimps.
The wassail-cup is mantling high,
And 'tis merry in palace and hall;
But how poor men live, or how poor men die,
'Tis just as their lot may fall.
Philanthropy hath a mousing cry,
But deep-toned the voice of Luxury
As he speaks from his banquet-bed:
"The ruffled rose-leaf smooth for me,
And tempt my palate daintily;
Then give the wretch straw and bread."
These are stirring times with us, Man in the Moon!
Life's sun hurries on to its west,
And the panting earth cries "a boon, a boon!"
But all it asks is rest.
The paddle-wheel races,
And the rail-train flies,
And machinery works its cranks;
While the power and pride
Of life's strong tide
Doth wear away its banks.
The cry is "On!" till set of sun,
And "On!" till morning's ray;
The work is doing, but never done,
And to-morrow works like to-day.
Thus the heavy wheel grinds,
And the rising dust blinds,
Man hath not time to pray!
A fiery writing is on the earth,
Which wise men trembling read,
That time hath begotten a monster-birth,
And they call the bantling "Speed!"
Speed! speed! speed! fly away from the past—
Speed, speed through the present—the future must
Be fast:
'Tis not easy to tell
If a thing works well,
'Tis enough if it only works fast.
Haste be our pace,
'Tis a rush and a race
For power and for place,
And the dear-bought gold;
'Tis on prostrate necks,
And on human wrecks,
Our course we head,
Shine on the surface, bonny round Moon!
Probe not the earth's deep sores—
There is light and life in the gay saloon,
Then why look out of doors?
This carol is seldom sung or said,
But it stirs in the heart when the wine is red,
And 'tis acted on by scores.

Now end we our letter, and break we our rhyme,
And hey! for the day when they'll make us a train
That will take us to you in a moment of time,
And at the same time whisk us safe back again;
Then a trip to the Moon will be nothing at all,
And I'll not on earth remain.

Yours ever, SCRAWL.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"There is but a very small portion of the creation that we can turn into clothes, and food, and gratifications for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty."—*Channing.*

The beautiful, the beautiful!

Where do we find it not?
It is an all-pervading grace,
And lighteth every spot.It sparkles on the ocean-wave—
It glitters in the dew;
We see it in the glorious sky,
And in the flow'ret's hue.

On mountain-top, in valley deep.

We find its presence there;
The beautiful, the beautiful!
It liveth every where.The glories of the noontide-day,
The still and solemn night,
The changing seasons, all can bring
Their tribute of delight.There's beauty in the dancing beam
That brightens childhood's eye,
And in the Christian's parting glance,
Whose hope is fix'd on high.And in the being whom our love
Hath chosen for its own,
How beautiful! how beautiful!
Is every look and tone.'Twas in that glance that God threw o'er
The young created earth,
When he pronounced it "very good,"
The beautiful had birth.Then who shall say this world is dull,
And all to sadness given,
While yet there lives on every side
The smile that came from heaven?If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our earthly home,
How beautiful—how beautiful
Will be the world to come!

MARIANA.

VARIETIES.

Statues for the City of London.—The statue of William IV., from the design of S. Nixon, to be placed at the junction of Gracechurch Street and King William Street, will be shortly raised upon its pedestal. The figure is colossal, being upwards of 14 feet in height. It is executed in Devonshire granite, and will cost, when completed, 2200*l.*, which sum was voted by the corporation of the city of London for that purpose. His majesty is represented in the costume of lord high admiral. A statue by Nixon is likewise in a forward state of John Carpenter, the town-clerk in the reign of Henry VI., founder of the City of London Schools, and executor to the celebrated Whittington. This statue is 6 feet high, and will be executed in Rock Abbey stone, to be placed upon the first landing of the staircase of the City of London Schools, and exactly opposite the principal entrance. There is further, in the same atelier, in active preparation, a statue of Sir John Crosby, to be placed in Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street. — *News-papers.*

The British Museum was on Tuesday (the first of the open holidays, Christmas-day closing Monday) visited by 13,377 well-behaved persons of every rank of London life. Last year they exceeded 28,000; but it was a Saint Monday.

The Bokhara Mission.—Dr. Wolff arrived at Trebisond on the 27th of November, and letters state that he would proceed "early in the present month."

The Xanthian Expedition.—Accounts from the Xanthus to the 15th of November, state that the whole of the party were in excellent health. Within a fortnight of their arrival, what with their own newly erected comfortable wooden barracks, and the settlement around them of the natives, an entire village had, as if by magic, sprung up. Fresh provisions of all kinds are abundant, and, thus far, extremely cheap; for a full-sized sheep only 8*s.* is asked, and a fat fowl is to be had for 6*d.* Fish and game are supplied by those who may be off duty. Mr. Fellows and his party (forming the head-quarters) were busily engaged in exploring at Pinara, about half-way (ten miles) between Xanthus and Macri. The excavators commenced operations about the 9th of November, and their first efforts were crowned with success, inasmuch as they found the trunk and other remains of the fine female statue, the head and legs of which are already deposited in the British Museum. On the 10th, an entire magnificent marble lion was brought to light, wanting only the lower jaw; also a mortar, and a set of scales. Messrs. Hawkins and Scharf are occupied all day long in sketching. Mr. Veitch, a midshipman of the Queen, had a narrow escape of his life in a boyish attempt to cross the Xanthus by means of a line. The barometer having indicated the approach of bad weather, Capt. Warden had thought it advisable to remove the Medea to her winter quarters. Accordingly, in the forenoon of the 11th, the steam was got up, and on the same afternoon she was snugly moored at Macri, one of the safest and most splendid harbours of the Levant, where she remained on the 16th Nov., and would probably continue there until about the 12th of December, when she will run over to the mouth of the Xanthus to receive what may be ready for embarkation, and convey the same to Macri for transhipment on board the Maltese bark Bouverie, which left Malta with coals, stores, and supplies for the Medea and the expedition on the 13th of December. The town of Macri is 10 miles from the anchorage, and the valley of the Xanthus about 24 miles. Capt. Warden keeps up a constant communication with the exploring party, frequently going personally on foot to see that they have every thing which the ship's stores can afford to make all hands comfortable. Lieut. Stevens and the other officers of the steamer are also often sent on like missions. The roads are very bad; and from the steep ascents and huge masses of rock, and many remains of immense monuments tottering over awful precipices, are scarcely accessible on horseback. Lord Easton, with his medical attendant, Dr. Mitchell, had left the Xanthus for Syria. — *From the Standard.*

Zinc imitations of Bronze.—Among the frauds of the day, the imitation of articles of *virtu*, in zinc, readily made by an easy novel process to resemble bronze, is carried on to a considerable extent. Persons purchasing such specimens of the fine arts will do well to try their weight and flexibility, in order that they may not take as brass that which has only the brazen swindling of the seller to recommend it.

Discovery of a new Quadruped.—M. Audubon, in a letter of the 20th of June written 110 miles above Port Union, in lat. 49° 10' N., communicates the "discovery of an animal which bids fair to become not only a valuable but a domestic one." He had taken refuge in a wood during a storm, and saw two enormous beasts at play, such as he had never seen or heard of before, but somewhat resembling kangaroos. A companion shot one of these animals; the other fled. "The buffalo or mountain elk (says

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Wind S.W. on the 7th and 8th; W. on the 9th; S.
and S. by E. on the 10th; S. by E. on the 11th, 13th,
and 13th. 7th, cloudy, with misting rain; 8th, clear;
9th, morning clear, otherwise overcast; 10th, cloudy,
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